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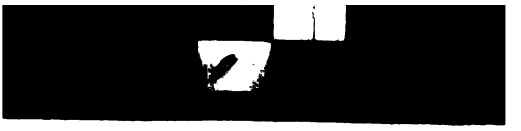

NCW

Blue mantle

MONTE VIDEO.

A NOVEL.

MONTE VIDEO;

OR,

THE OFFICER'S WIFE AND HER SISTER.

A NOVEL.

BY

MRS. BRIDGET BLUEMANTLE,

AUTHOR OF

THE HUSBAND AND WIFE, THREE OLD MAIDS, &c. &c.

Excuse
A woman's frailty; where she once has lov'd,
Strong is the passion; and howe'er suppressed
In smothering embers, still the flame bursts out,
And strives to climb above our just resentment.

FROWDE.

VOL. I.

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MONTE VIDEO.

CHAP. I.

Hark! how it floats on the dewy air!
Oh what a dying, dying pause was there!
'Tis harmony from yon sequester'd bow'r;
Sweet harmony, that sooths the midnight hour!
Long ere the charioteer of day had run
His morning course, th' enchantment had begun;
And he shall gild yon mountain's height again,
Ere yet the pleasing toil becomes a pain.

COWPER.

HIGH on a cliff, whose beetling brow overlooked the ocean, in a remote part of the principality of Wales, stood the Castle of Landrenden, the residence of Mortimer Mountstewart, the last surviving heir of an ancient and honourable family, whom early misfortunes had induced to abandon the world, and seclude himself, with his two daughters, Constance and Eleanora, from all society, devoting himself entirely to their education, and holding no con-

verse with the surrounding gentry, who regarding him as a gloomy misanthrope, made no effort to withdraw him from his seclusion.

The character of Mountstewart was rather extraordinary—high wrought, full of sensibility, with an extravagant sense of honour, a vast fund of literary acquirements, and enthusiastic love of poetry, and a heart tremblingly alive to every fond affection: his two daughters formed alike the happiness and misery of his life: he looked up to them as the coheiresses of an ancient family, and a large estate, as beings created in a fairer mould than the rest of the human species; and he trembled with apprehensive tenderness at the recollection of the early periods of his own life, and prayed Heaven to avert from his darlings, those sorrows which had bowed him to the earth, and prematured old age, ere half the probable term of his existence had been accomplished. That energy of feeling which had been by various circumstances thrown back upon the fountain from whence it flowed, would assuredly have precipitated him to some deed of desperation, had not the early impression of religion, which his excellent mother had instilled and cultivated in his heart, guarded him in the hour of trial, and with angelic influence, "whipped the offending Adam out of him." He by degrees became resigned to his unhappy destiny, and renouncing for ever a world where he had been so eminently wretched, he retired into the country with his two infant daughters, then only two years of age, to mourn in solitude over the memory of past joys; to cherish the image of her he had

lost for ever; and to bewail the treachery of a friend, whose perfidy had considerably injured his fortune.

His establishment consisted of an old nurse, who was his housekeeper; a steward, and footman, who had both grown grey in the service of his family; and two country girls, who performed the menial offices of the household.

Simple in his manners, easily satisfied, mild and benevolent in his temper, and virtuous from principle, he soon gained the affection and esteem of all the rustics who surrounded him; while his pensive and saturnine disposition, which increased by indulgence, gained him the appellation of the Melancholy Squire at the Castle. And as his dislike to society became generally known, few intruded on his retirement, except the poor and unfriended, who were always secure of a kind reception, and every relief which his power of fortune could bestow.

As his children, however, grew up, as their minds opened to intelligence, and their bloom opened into beauty, he by degrees became sensible of the fallacy of his plan of seclusion, which must debar them from all the comforts and advantages of society; render them ignorant, even of the common forms and usages of the world; and in case of his demise, throw them entirely on themselves, in the future conduct and business of their lives: yet, how to remedy this evil, how to recommence an intercourse with mankind, he knew not; and his beautiful twins insensibly attained the age of eighteen, ere he had moved one step towards their introduction into life.

Wild as their native woods and mountains, beautiful as the flowerets which enriched the banks of the neighbouring streamlet, unconscious of their own attractions, guileless and simple, these blooming beauties cultivated the elegant accomplishments, under the tuition of their doating father; and as they hung upon his accents, and saw the tear of ineffable delight steal down his manly features, they would catch from his lips the pure stream of universal benevolence, drawn from the fountain of eternal wisdom, whose source is never dried up, but continues to flow in one undeviating course, watering and refreshing all who approach its banks.

Imagination can scarcely conceive two more interesting beings than Constance and Eleanora. Tall, fair, and graceful, their forms were moulded by the hand of Symmetry. Their mild blue eyes shone with sensibility, or sparkled with intelligence, as accident gave rise to different feelings. Every feature pourtrayed expression, and every expression gave additional beauty to their countenances, which were often irradiated with a certain arch acumen in their more playful moments, which it is almost impossible to describe. A stranger who had seen either of them apart, would undoubtedly have mistaken them for each other; but together, there was a material distinction in their persons. Constance was taller than Eleanora, her hair was a light flaxen, her nose rather inclined to the aquiline; while her sister's hair was a dark brown, and her nose was perfectly straight; and, as if Nature, in their formation, had in-

tended them for a more intimate and affectionate union, than that usually found in sisters, their hearts, their tongues, their voices, and their sentiments, were in perfect unison with each other. Of their characters, I shall say little; they were, at this period, exactly what might be expected, from the mode of their education, their ignorance of life, and the romantic scenery in which they had been nurtured, enthusiastic, ardent, affectionate, and empassioned. From books they had gleaned their little knowledge of human nature; and how incorrect that knowledge was, the succeeding pages will evince.

In the neighbourhood of Landrenden, on the seaside, at the distance only of three miles, was a most elegant seat, occupied by a gentleman of the name of Linzee, who lived much in fashionable society, and with his lady spent the greater part of every year in London, and some of the most frequented watering-places in the vicinity of the metropolis, neglecting the rural and beautiful spot on which his family residence was situated. It happened, at the period of which I am now speaking, that he had just returned to his mansion, with a very large party of fashionables: and as pleasure was the order of the day, every nerve was exerted to procure new modes of killing time, that fatal enemy of the young, the gay, and the titled. An elegant gondola was purchased, and water-parties were determined on, as the most delightful way of spending the fine weather, which the season promised.

It happened, on a beautiful evening in the

month of July, that our two sisters were sitting with their father, in a sort of balcony, which projected over one of the terraces of the Castle. Constance was tuning her harp, and Eleanor, with her work, was preparing to accompany her with her voice, when this beautiful gondola, its gay streamers floating in the air, sailed in full view before them. Eleanor threw down her work—Constance started from her seat, and leaned on her harp to gaze on it—both together exclaimed—"What a sweet vessel! oh, how I should like to sail in it!"

"It is a pleasure-boat," said Mountstewart, gazing rapturously on his children; "I wonder to whom it belongs."

"I could stand here hours, to gaze on it," said Eleanor.—"How happy I should be, if that ship were mine!"

"Oh, papa, if we could but sail in it!" cried Constance. "Look, look again, how the sails flutter! now it tacks about: oh what a charming vessel!"

"It is the only boat of the kind I have seen since my residence in the Castle," said Mountstewart, with a melancholy sigh.

"And are there many of them in the world?" asked Eleanor. "Oh, dear papa, do get one for us."

Mountstewart smiled at their simplicity; clasped them both affectionately in his arms; and silently watched the gay bark, till a winding in the shore obscured it from their view; and then, with a sensation of regret, both sisters returned to their occupations.

But the recollection of the gay bark, the flut-

ter it had given to their young hearts, the wonder who could be the owner of it, lived beyond the moment of its appearance. It afforded these innocent children of nature subject for conversation during the rest of the evening; and Mountstewart smiled as he remarked, that however the conversation commenced, it concluded always with the charming vessel they had just seen. At night, when they retired to rest, it became the theme of their discourse; and they resolved to station themselves all the following day in the balcony, to watch for its appearance. Chance befriended this determination; for Mountstewart having accompanied them in their morning walk, took his hook and line, and attended by the footman, set forth to pursue his favourite amusement, in the small rivulet which murmured near his dwelling.

The sisters had not long been engaged in their intended occupation, before their curiosity was again gratified with a sight of the vessel, not indeed as they beheld it the evening before, but as more attractive and fascinating. The meridian sun glared upon the bark, whose silken streamers waved in the wind. An elegant awning of green tissue overspread a part of the deck, which, like the oars, was gilt at the edges; while a concert of vocal and instrumental music swelled upon the breeze, and died away at intervals in harmonious melody.

A sensation too rapturous for expression, filled the bosoms of both sisters. They gazed one moment at each other in silence, and then, in the same instant, exclaimed—"On the beach we shall see them all; what a beautiful vessel!

it is full of people; and with breathless haste, without hats or cloaks, they bounded towards the beach. The vessel was still at some distance from them, when suddenly the instruments ceased, and a voice, musically mellow, sung forth the following stanzas:—

"Go, thou, whose beauties charm the plain,
And leave in solitude the swain;
Ah! go, although my aching heart,
In secret wishes not to part.
Then, Cynthia, seek some distant plain,
And peace shall soothe my soul again;
By me that form can ne'er be won,
I only gaze to be undone.

Thy simple innocence of heart,
Knows not the pains thy charms impart;
And, oh! that innocence conspires,
To fill my breast with fiercer fires.
Then, Cynthia, seek some distant plain,
And peace shall soothe my soul again.
By me that form can ne'er be won,
I only gaze to be undone."

"How charming!" exclaimed Constance, clasping both her hands in an extacy; "what a delightful voice!"

"He sings well," replied Eleanor; "but his voice is not so full as my father's.—Soft, my sister; they are now passing just by us; we shall see them quite plain."

While the sisters were thus engaged in observing this novel spectacle, they noticed not that they were themselves as much the objects of curiosity to the gay party in the gondola, which approached every instant nearer to the shore.

"How well the solitary man's Castle looks this morning!" said Mr. Linzee.

"He seems to know the value of society, however," replied one of his companions. "Pray are those elegant females his *chère amies?*"

"They are his daughters," said Mrs. Linzee; "and report gives them credit for a vast share of beauty. I protest their appearance is quite romantic. They look like two wood-nymphs. I should like to get a peep at them."

"For mercy's sake, get the vessel nearer in to the shore," exclaimed a young man, who formed one of the party. "You have raised my curiosity, and I shall not rest now till it is satisfied."

"Don't fall in love, Maningham," cried the first speaker. "You know you have forsworn the sex."

"Oh, yes, he has forsworn the sex, ever since the unfortunate elopement of Miss Ogle, whom he took for an angel in petticoats," answered a fair lady. "But I confess, I should like to see these rustics. Do let us get on shore, and accost them."

"And what excuse can we make for our intrusion?" asked another damsel.

"Oh, the finest in the world; a wish to see the Castle," said Mrs. Linzee.

"But the Castle is never shewn," replied her husband: "and we shall feel very awkward in forcing ourselves upon them."

"Awkward! hang awkwardness! it's a thing done every day," cried the first speaker. "Lord Frederick Montague, what say you? shall we strike up a serenade, and attack the Castle nymphs?"

"You will terrify the poor girls out of their senses," replied his Lordship; "offend the solitary gentleman; and get them locked up."

"Then we must open the doors of their prison," said Mrs. Linzee: "and some of you young men must run away with them. Put the boat in for the shore; for I am resolved now to satisfy my curiosity."

"Then you must answer for all consequences, Caroline," replied her husband; and in an instant the whole party were on the land.

A painter, who would have wished to study the human face divine, and mark the progress of feeling, would have been gratified to have seen the quick transition which a variety of contrary emotions produced in the two sisters, as this fashionable group approached them. The first sensation of their minds was terror. They moved several steps towards the Castle, when curiosity tempted them to look back, to observe whether they were followed. A half-timid delight raised the blush of modesty on their cheeks, as Mrs. Linzee out-stepped her companions to address them.

"They are but men and women," said Constance, "be they who they will; and why, my sister, should we fear them?"

Eleanor drew up with an air of dignity: and both sisters now waited the approach of Mrs. Linzee, who, with an air of polite freedom, advanced, and requested permission to see the Castle.

A request so novel enforced with so graceful a carriage, and a look of earnest entreaty, could scarcely be refused; and Eleanor, with

an air of modesty, replied—"I fear, Madam, you will find little worthy of observation in our Castle; but if you will take the trouble to walk over it, my sister and I will have pleasure in shewing it you."

Mrs. Linzee nodded significantly to her friends; and the whole party advanced.

At the same moment, Mountstewart, with his fishing-rod and line, appeared in sight. Mrs. Linzee paused till he came up to them.

Constance turned to her father—"These ladies and gentlemen, Sir," said she, "do us the honour of wishing to see the Castle."

Mountstewart bowed.

"My name is Linzee, Sir," said the lady, "and that gentleman is Mr. Linzee. I fear we shall intrude on you: but if you have no objection, we shall esteem the sight of your Castle a particular favour."

"The favour, Madam," replied Mountstewart, "is ours. The Castle has little in it worthy of observation: but that little, I shall feel gratified in pointing out to Mrs. Linzee and her friends."

"Permit me then, Sir," said Mr. Linzee, "to introduce those friends to your notice, and that of the Miss Mountstewarts.—This gentleman is Lord Frederick Montague; this lady his sister; Mr. Maningham, Miss Frazer, and Mr. Umfreville."—While Mr. Linzee was thus performing the ceremony of introduction, his lady was employed in paying her court to the fair sisters, by all those little attentions, and those polite nothings, which people who are conversant with the world so well know how to adapt

to the palates of every one whom chance throws in their way: the gentlemen were eager to crowd round these innocent rustics, whose extreme beauty made every observation which fell from their lips enchanting.

"And is it possible," said Mr. Maningham, addressing Constance, "is it possible that you have lived all your days in this solitude; and has the world never had attractions to charm you from it?"

"The world I know only by report," replied she, innocently: "and that report has been so little in its favour, that I believe, if I found myself forced into it, my first feeling would be terror."

"Indeed!" cried he, with a look of incredulity; "yet there is little to be terrified at: and so you prefer this spot, this entire solitude, to the world and society?"

"I am unqualified to speak on this subject; for the world I have never tried," said Constance. "But I can scarcely be happier in the world, than in this Castle; here every being around us looks up to us for happiness. We are sisters in affection, and our father is our best friend."

"In the world, my sweet girl," said Mrs. Linzee, "you would, I doubt not, extend the number of your friends."

"Ah! Madam, and might I not also gain enemies?—Here I have none."

Mountstewart looked with delight at his daughter; and Mrs. Linzee, turning to Eleanor, said—"And are you as inexorable as your sister? are you wedded to your retirement? can

no temptation induce you to mix with society?"

"There is little merit in a retirement," replied Eleanor, "which we have as yet had no temptation to relinquish. My father has studied to make us both happy: and without a care in the world, how can we be otherwise?"

"I wish I had the art of tempting your father to come and see us," said Mrs. Linzee, gaily. "Mr. Mountstewart, I am too much pleased with your charming daughters, to part with them easily; will you permit me to run away with them?"

"You see, Sir, what encroachers we all are," said Lord Frederic. "We first ask permission to see your Castle, and then try to steal the inhabitants."

"And if I mistake not," said Mountstewart, "my girls will have no objections to Mrs. Linzee's proposal. But I cannot well leave home to-day, so you must oblige us with looking over the building: and in return, we will seize an early opportunity of paying you a visit."

"And when shall we see you?" asked Mr. Linzee.

"Name the day," said his lady, "and I will come in the gondola for the ladies."

The sisters looked their thanks.

"Will the day after to-morrow be too soon, girls?" said Mountstewart, with a smile.

"Oh do let it be the day after to-morrow!" cried Miss Frazer; "for I live upon the water: you will be quite enchanted with the gondola, ladies."

"We have been charmed with its appear-

ance already," said Eleanor; "and quite long to have a sail in it."

"Then pray, Sir," exclaimed Lady Emily Montague, "do let it be the day after to-morrow: you need not fear danger; we have two excellent men to manage it."

"Suppose it should be bad weather?" said Mr. Umfreville.

"Suppose! you are always putting a damp upon every thing pleasant. I wonder, Mrs. Linzee, you don't send Umfreville away," cried Miss Frazer. "He seems to delight in tormenting us; he is never easy but when he can anticipate misfortune; he is the most restless, dissatisfied soul, I ever met with."

"Not the most; for you are to the full as restless as I am," said Umfreville, sharply; "your head is in a perpetual whirl; you are never still; you wear yourself out in the pursuit of pleasure, and make amusement the very business of life."

"What a charming prospect!" exclaimed Mr. Linzee, leaning over the balcony of the Castle. "Nature has been lavish of her gifts to this spot."

"Lavish, indeed!" re-echoed Lord Frederic. But his eyes were fixed on the fair face of Eleanor, not upon the prospect.

"That hill," said the blushing Eleanor, whose eyes sunk beneath his penetrating glance, "that hill is particularly beautiful at night, when the moon shines."

"It is enchanting," replied her father; "and when the water is enlivened by the fishermen's boats, and the sun is beginning to set, my girls

and I watch the gentle undulating of the flood for hours: we are all enthusiastic admirers of Nature."

"Cold, indeed, must be that heart which is insensible to her charms," answered Maningham. "There is a grandeur, a magnificence in the simplicity of Nature, which Art can never rival"

"We are intruding on Mr. Mountstewart's time," said Umfreville: "and you seem, gentlemen and ladies, all to forget, that while we loiter here, the tide may turn, and prevent our pursuing our course."

Mrs. Linzee profited by this hint; and having again reminded the fair sisters and their father of the engagement they had just made, the whole party took a polite leave, and re-entered the gondola, while Constance and Eleanor returned to the balcony, to watch the retiring vessel, and to talk over the occurrences of the morning.

CHAP. II.

Alas! and is domestic strife,
That sorest ill of human life,
A plague so little to be fear'd,
As to be wantonly incurr'd,
To gratify a fretful passion,
On every trivial provocation?
The kindest, and the happiest pair,
Will find occasion to forbear,
And something every day they live,
To pity, and, perhaps, forgive,

COWPER.

AN intimacy between the two families was the consequence of this meeting; and the two sisters soon became involved in a round of engagements, which in a few weeks entirely dissipated that rusticity of manners, which they had acquired in the solitude of Landrenden. By degrees they learned to feel disembarrassed in society; modestly to unfold their sentiments; to retort the agreeable flattery of their male acquaintance; and display the natural vivacity of their characters.—Mountstewart, happy to have extended the circle of their acquaintance, seemed to throw off the melancholy inwoven in his frame; and as he beheld the general admiration excited by his favourites, he anticipated their future settlement in life to his entire satis-

faction. Nor was he mistaken; for Lord Frederic Montague, at the commencement of the second month of their intimacy, demanded permission to offer his hand to the fair Eleanor, making such advantageous proposals, that the fond father earnestly seconded his suit. Young, unattached, and delighted with the little she had seen of the world, Eleanor was easily persuaded to accede to this offer. The marriage was celebrated without ostentation, and the young couple set off immediately for London, attended by Lady Emily Montague, to a ready-furnished house, procured for them, where they were to be joined in a few weeks, by Mountstewart and Constance.

The character of Lord Frederic was no common one; with a fine person, an excellent understanding, and a benevolent heart, he possessed a certain romantic temper, which carried him into a thousand eccentricities. His disgust at the manners of the females of high birth, had alone prevented his hitherto forming an union for life; and he flattered himself that Eleanor, bred and educated in retirement, sensible, well-informed, unaccustomed to public societies, would prefer the pure and rational delights of domestic affection, to a life of dissipation and folly; and that having once seen and felt its insufficiency, she would be wholly and entirely his own. With this view he had accompanied her to town. With this view he carried her to every place of fashionable resort and notoriety in it; yet he vainly expected the moment, when she should declare her disapprobation of the gay and busy scene. No such disapprobation

met his ear. On the contrary, having once been introduced to a circle of fashionable society, she seemed to live but in a crowd; every day forming fresh engagements, and anticipating the arrival of her sister, that she might also partake of her delight. Intoxicated with the admiration every where paid to her beauty, she insensibly acquired a love of dress and splendour, learned to play deeply, and give in to every folly of high life.

Lord Frederic was distracted. To change his plan, to assume the authority of a husband, to limit her expenses, ruinous as he felt they might be to his fortune, was impossible. A thousand times was he on the point of appealing to her tenderness, and urging her to retire with him to the country. But day after day elapsed, without bringing him to any decision on the subject; as he trembled to think that the first exertion of authority might, by producing resentment, weaken her attachment towards him. The arrival of her father, from which he had hoped much, was unfortunately delayed, month after month, by most particular business. And he began to perceive, that entirely engrossed by the world, Eleanor no longer expressed any anxiety at its postponement. Doubts of a most afflicting nature now began to take possession of his soul. Was it possible that Eleanor could be so entirely absorbed by the world, if she really loved him? He feared to answer the question. Had she accepted his hand, merely to emancipate herself from the retirement of Landrenden? he tried in vain to banish this idea from his mind. It recurred, in spite of him,

continually; and he resolved to investigate the sentiments and conduct of his wife, with the most scrupulous attention.

Eleanor observed an alteration in his manner towards her; and without reflecting on her own culpable levity, accused him in her mind o neglect. Proud, high-spirited, and vindictive, those passions, which had lain dormant in her bosom, while resident at Landrenden, because no object had there excited them, now took possession of her mind. She fancied, that secure of the fondness of the woman he had married, he no longer attempted to preserve the character of a lover; or that, perhaps tired of that beauty which possession had made familiar to him, he was already engrossed by a new flame. Her spirit rose at the bare idea. Jealousy, that raging fiend, yet without any ostensible object, filled her bosom. It was her ambition to be loved with affection, with adoration; to engross every thought of her husband's heart; to be ever the first object of his plans: and she determined to convince him, that the change in his conduct to her, was beheld by her with indifference. Yet she really loved him, and had he opened his wishes to her with candour and gentleness, she would probably have realised all his hopes. But the fatal fact was, that each studiously avoided all explanation, and scrutinized the conduct of the other, till every avenue of confidence was completely barred up; and they lived together with all the polite appearance of indifference, which usually graces the habitations of the sons and daughters of dissipation.

A party of young men had proposed to Lord Frederic to accompany them to Newmarket: and merely to try how Eleanor would bear his departure, he had consented to accept the invitation, and mentioned his intention to her.

Eleanor looked at him a moment in silence, which he interpreting into a wish to detain him, said—"If you wish me, my love, to give up this engagement, I will certainly decline it."

Eleanor really did wish it: but pride forbade the acknowledgment of it—"Who, I?" replied she: "no certainly, my Lord. I am pleased, you will be so happily engaged, for I am deep on the roll of dissipation myself. Let me see—to-morrow I go to Lady Dashup's; the next day to the Countess of Mayton's; Friday, Saturday, and Sunday, parties at home. So you see, I shan't lose much of your company. I hope you will be entertained."

"I am not likely to be much entertained, Eleanor," replied his Lordship. "I am fond of domestic pursuits."

"Dear me! well, I never found out that. I thought your Lordship liked company."

"Oh, Eleanor!" exclaimed he, "have you ever tried my fondness for domestic scenes? has not your whole life, since our marriage, passed in one unvarying round of dissipation?"

"If I had known that any part of my conduct had been unfortunate enough to displease your Lordship," answered she, "I would, like an obedient wife, have endeavoured to correct it." This was spoken with an heir of displeasure.

"I was in hopes, Eleanor, that a life so friv-

olous as that of a fine lady, could not have been your choice."

"Had your Lordship had candour enough to chalk out the line I was to pursue, before I became subject to your authority, it is probable I might have *chosen* differently."

"Then I am to suppose, you repent that choice, Eleanor."

"You have certainly a right to draw your own conclusion, my Lord. It is too late to repent, when a thing is without remedy."

"Eleanor, dear Eleanor, how you are changed? I can scarcely believe my senses."

"That change originates with your Lordship. It is useless to recriminate: but I must have been more than blind, had I not perceived the neglect with which I have been treated."

"Do you speak this from your heart, Eleanor, or do you only trifle with my feelings? I ask you only to mention any one instance, in which that neglect has been apparent. Have I not complied with your wishes in every instance? or have I, for a single moment, exerted the authority of a husband, to controul your actions?"

"The mere mention of that authority is sufficient, my Lord. I have before told you, that I will not shrink from the obedience I have pledged myself at the altar to pay you; then, surely you can have no reason to complain."

"Of your obedience, I do not, Eleanor. But was that the only promise made at the sacred ceremony? Your love, your affection, your heart, that precious jewel, which my own has been relinquished to purchase, is no longer

mine. You are engrossed by the world and dissipation: and I vainly look for that endearing, that affectionate converse, I had a *right* to expect from you."

The high spirit of Eleanor, which had begun to soften, at the first part of this speech, again took offence at the word *right*: and with an air of increased haughtiness, she replied—"Your rights are unquestioned, my Lord. Put my obedience to the test. Bid me shut myself up for ever, and I will obey you."

"For mercy's sake, Eleanor, reflect before you speak. You know that I only wish to controul you by the soft chain of affection and reason. Then do not madly trifle with happiness, while it is in your power to secure it. Throw not that heart back upon my hands, which a soft word and a kind look may secure to you for ever."

The soft word trembled on the lips of Eleanor: and her heart smote her with a consciousness of unkindness. But pride subdued feeling, and bade her assert her own dignity.

"It is necessary to my happiness," sighed she, mentally, "to convince myself of his unbounded tenderness. I will be loved beyond reason and propriety; I will be mistress of his whole heart, his every thought; or I will oblige him to hate me: no middle course can satisfy my ambition."

Without deigning, therefore, to reply to his address, she turned from him with an air of levity, endeavouring to conceal her emotion; and ringing the bell, ordered her woman to attend, that she might dress for the party of the

night; and wishing his Lordship a pleasant journey, she was about to quit the room.

"Then you leave me in anger, Eleanor?" said his Lordship.

"The anger has surely not been on my side," answered she, with an air of indifference.

"You are worse than angry, Eleanor," replied he. "you are indifferent—indifferent to my happiness, insensible to my affection."

"I would wish to preserve my temper, however, my Lord; lest ill humour should be added to the long catalogue of my offences: and, like a dutiful wife, I will hold out my hand to make the first step towards reconcilement."

A certain playful archness of countenance accompanied this speech, and threw Lord Frederic entirely off his guard. He seized the hand of the fair speaker, drew her towards him, and pressed her to his bosom. And Eleanor, overcome by the action, burst into tears.—Thus ended this first matrimonial quarrel.

CHAP. III.

For she is wise, if I may judge of her,
And fair she is, if that mine eyes are true.
. . . . . .
And therefore like herself, wise, fair, and true,
Shall she be placed in my constant soul.

SHAKESPEARE.

LORD Frederic, however, set out for Newmarket: and Eleanor, after his departure, retired to array herself for the intended visit. Yet her heart was not in the scenes of gaiety she was about to enter; no, it followed her husband in his journey. She reproached herself for the part she had acted in the foregoing scene: and she half resolved to acquit herself towards him, on his return.

"If he had but relinquished this journey," thought she, "if he had but asked me to remain this evening at home, how cheerfully would I have complied with his wishes! Heigho!—Well, Wilson," cried she, calling to her woman, "where are my things? I have scarcely time left to get them on. Lady Dashup requested me to come early."

"Here is a letter, my Lady," said Wilson, "which has lain on your toilet all day, without your perceiving it."

Eleanor turned it carelessly over—"An odd-looking hand," said she, without observing the post-mark—"vulgar—some petition. Open it, child, and read it aloud."

Mrs. Wilson prepared to obey her, but the first line entirely deprived her of power to read. Her hand trembled, and her whole frame was agitated.

"What ails the woman?" said Eleanor, without turning her head and still dressing herself. "Come, read the letter."

Wilson neither spoke nor obeyed. Eleanor turned, and beheld with astonishment the situation of her servant, who, pale as death, the open letter in her hand, gasped for breath. Eleanor rang the bell violently, and attempted to take the letter from Wilson. But that considerate woman still possessed recollection sufficient to repulse her, and force the paper into her own bosom.

"What is the matter, Wilson?" asked Eleanor, catching a part of her agitation. "Are you ill? for mercy's sake, tell me what is the matter?"

Wilson pointed to the water, and Eleanor poured out a glass, and gave her; and after a moment, she appeared to revive.

"I am often subject to these spasms, when any thing alarms me, my Lady," said she, in a faint voice: "and your letter——"

"Oh, never mind my letter," said Eleanor, affectionately; "endeavour to get well; I am quite unhappy to see you."

Wilson pressed the hand of her Lady in silence; and Eleanor, whom the preceding conversation with her husband had already softened, burst into tears.

"I will not go out to-night, Wilson," said she, offering her a glass of wine, which a ser-

vant had brought into the room; "so do not trouble yourself. Try to drink this. You will soon be better."

Wilson put her hand on her head, as if reflecting on something.—"Oh, my dear Lady!" cried she, "that letter brings you fatal news.—Mountstewart, Mr. Mountstewart is ill, very ill."

Eleanor turned pale.—"dangerously, did you say? dangerously! is my father dangerously ill? Oh, I will fly instantly to him! Give me the letter—and have I been rushing wildly down the stream of dissipation and folly, when my father, my affectionate father, has been ill, perhaps dying? oh, give me the letter!"

"Alas! I dare not," cried Wilson, mixing her tears with those of her Lady, "for it is even worse than you fear; he cannot, he will not recover, and I——"

"He is dead, he is dead then!" shrieked Eleanor. "Oh my father. My kind, my affectionate father! and shall I see you no more? Am I, am I, indeed, parentless?

Wilson, a little recovered, now hung over her Lady weeping; and by degrees, she broke to her the melancholy truth, that a paralytic affection had suddenly seized her father, and carried him off in a few hours; that her sister was too ill to convey to her the afflicting information; and that the old nurse had undertaken to write to her.

The situation of Eleanor now called for all the care and assiduity of Wilson. A shivering seemed to pervade her whole frame; and more dead than alive, she was conveyed to bed, where

medical advice was instantly procured for her, when Wilson learned, with increased terror, that the physicians feared a miscarriage.

A messenger was instantly dispatched to Newmarket, to acquaint Lord Frederic with these particulars; and in this state we shall for the present leave them, to carry our readers to Landrenden, and exhibit before them all that passed at the Castle, since the departure of the young couple.

Mountstewart, to enliven the solitude of his remaining daughter, encouraged, as much as possible, an increased intimacy with the Linzee family, of which Mr. Maningham and Miss Frazer still formed a part; and from the conduct of the former, he was induced to believe, that he regarded his Constance with an eye of particular favour. Of his connexions, he was entirely ignorant. But his character, from the little observation he had been able to make of it, merited his warmest approbation.

Mr. and Mrs. Linzee both spoke in raptures of him, and recounted many traits of goodness of heart, and disinterested generosity, which entitled him to universal esteem. Yet both Mr. and Mrs. Linzee confessed themselves entirely at a loss to discover his connections and descent; for whenever any occurrence relative to family events made a part of the general conversation, Maningham was silent. Once indeed, he had departed from his reserve; and when marriage was the theme of discourse, had declared, that few men were so free to select a partner as he was, having a clear sum of money vested in the funds, and no human being to

controul him. He was, at the period of which I am now speaking, nine-and-twenty, and his profession was that of a barrister. His education had been carefully attended to. His manners were highly formed, gentle, insinuating, and candid; and his person was more than commonly handsome. Mountstewart had vainly endeavoured to fathom his origin. But as he had as yet made no open proposals to his daughter, politeness forbade any particular enquiry of himself. Yet day after day he still presented himself at the Castle of Landrenden: and every day seemed to increase his prepossession in favour of the fair Constance, who, on her part, regarded him as the first of human beings. Affairs were in this state, when professional business recalled him to the country; and he determined, previous to his departure, to open his whole heart to the object of his affections. With this view, he entered one evening the Castle of Landrenden: that degree of timidity, inseparable from real attachment, gave an air of embarrassment to his manner, quite unusual; and when Constance, who was alone at his entrance, demanded if he were indisposed, he scarcely replied to her question. But, drawing a chair towards the table, by which she was sitting, he continued to gaze at her some moments in silence, which she, infected with his timidity dared not again interrupt.

"I am called," said he, at length, with an air of dejection, "from these lovely and interesting scenes, to the routine of professional labour. I must leave this charming spot, Miss Mountstewart, perhaps for ever."

Constance lifted her eyes from the work on which she was engaged. For one moment she fixed them on his face, only to withdraw them in increased confusion.

"When we next meet," said Maningham, "it will probably be in the gay metropolis. You, Miss Mountstewart, will be surrounded by admirers, and you will forget so insignificant a being as I am."

"Why should you think so, Mr. Maningham?" asked she. "Surely I should be worse than ungrateful, could I forget one, in whose society I have passed so many delightful hours. I think I can never forget an old acquaintance."

Maningham shook his head.

"Perhaps," said Constance, smiling, "you are at this very moment judging me by your own heart: and, knowing your own fickleness, you fancy I must partake of it."

"Oh that I might be indeed permitted to judge of you by my own heart! said Maningham, warmly; "that I could but hope to find your sentiments coincide with my own! then, then indeed, I should be supremely happy. Oh, Constance, my heart, my whole heart is yours! you, you alone can make me happy."

Constance trembled excessively.

Maningham took her hand.—"I have neither rank nor title to offer you, Miss Mountstewart. I am an obscure, unconnected being. Yet, if an unembarrassed fortune, a heart untainted by vice, the fondest attachment to your person, and a sincere desire to promote your happiness, are sufficient to merit your regard, I shall esteem your acceptance the felicity of my life."

"I am dependent, entirely dependent, by duty and inclination, on my father," replied Constance, deeply blushing. "His wishes and his will are a law to me."

"May I then be permitted to hope, that if I can obtain his approbation, you will not object to my proposals? may I hope that time, and the sincere affection which I feel for you, may interest you in my favour?"

With an amiable sincerity, yet with a cheek suffused with blushes, Constance replied—"I will confess, that I am already pleased with your society; that I entertain the sincerest esteem for your character; and that if——"

She paused, trembled, and hesitated. And Maningham, perceiving by her manner, that the *if* was in his favour, pressed her hand to his lips, and with eyes filled with rapture, exclaimed—"Let there be no *ifs* dear Constance. You are, you must be mine. Yet I will shackle you by no promise. I will entangle you in no engagement. I would be master of your whole heart, your entire affection. In the world, you may, perhaps meet an object more worthy of your regard, blessed with all the gifts of fortune, and adorned with high rank. Your fortune, your family, entitle you to such an alliance. And if such an alliance meet your approbation, I will retire to a humble distance, and ever rejoice in your happiness. But if, on the contrary, my plain manners, humble fortune and affectionate heart, be honoured with your preference, I will then appeal to your father for his consent, and oh! how happy, how supremely happy, will that consent make me!"

A reply trembled on the lip of Constance, and a tear started to her eye, at this instance of pure disinterested attachment, when the entrance of her father put a stop to the conversation. And having conversed some time on indifferent subjects, Maningham expressed his hope that he might be permitted to renew the acquaintance in London, which Mountstewart readily acceding to, that gentleman took leave, and departed.

Several times, during the course of the evening, Constance attempted to introduce the subject of the late interview to her father. But a feeling of modest reserve withheld her, and they separated for the night, without her having begun her intended communication, or without Mountstewart's having the slightest idea that she had any thing to communicate.

CHAP. IV.

Discretion does not shew itself in words, but in all the circumstances of action: and is like an under-agent of Providence, to guide and direct us in the ordinary concerns of life.

SPECTATOR.

FAMILY pride, and a high sense of female propriety of conduct, had ever formed the leading features in the character of Mountstewart. These had been the occasion of his sudden relinquishment of the world. And one of them now impelled him to form the resolution of settling his affairs previous to his quitting Landrenden. The marriage of Eleanor had met with his entire approbation. It was an alliance beyond his most sanguine wishes; and it left him entirely at liberty to realize a plan, which had long been the ultimatum of his hopes: and this was the securing to one of his children the entire possession of the family estates; and he now determined that Constance should perpetuate the name of Mountstewart, by carrying it as an inheritance, to any family which should court her alliance. This determination had been made known to Lord Frederic previous to his union, and he had readily coincided with the proposals of Mountstewart, by consenting to receive an equivalent to the landed property in money. A fortune of thirty thousand pounds,

the fruits of sixteen years severe œconomy and self denial, was determined on as Eleanor's marriage portion, half paid at the day of union, the other half to become due a twelvemonth after the demise of her father.

The apparent unconnectedness of Mr. Maningham, therefore, which would with many parents have been an obstacle to a wish of alliance, was on the contrary, a great step in the favour of Mountstewart; for he hoped that this gentleman would entertain no repugnance to the change of name, with which he had determined the future husband of Constance must comply. To settle this plan, beyond the possibility of disappointment, he had delayed his intended journey to the metropolis, until having finally completed every arrangement, and made his will in due form, nothing remained to be done.

But how vain are the wishes and schemes of mortals! the day before that on which he was to have quitted Landrenden, proved the last of his existence: and the tender affectionate Constance, after twenty-four hours of racking anxiety and suspense, received his last sigh in her bosom, and resigned herself to the severe suffering, which this first calamity her youthful heart had ever known, created.

In a state of insensibility, she was conveyed to her own apartment, where a fever, which followed in a few hours, deprived her of the power of reflection, and feeling.

The duty of informing the relatives of Mr. Mountstewart of his demise, devolved therefore on the domestics. And the old nurse, who had

long been connected with the family, was deputed by the stewart to this business.

But to return to Eleanor. The information of her indisposition had been quickly conveyed to the Earl of Fairwater, the father of Lord Frederic, who, understanding the consequences which had followed, severely reprobated the conduct of his son, to whose improper indulgence of his wife, he attributed entirely the loss of the future heir of his family. In vain Lord Frederic protested his ignorance of the circumstance. his Lordship insisted that such an imprudence might be attended with the most fatal effects; and he required of his son a positive promise, that if such a hope offered itself hereafter, he would retire with his Lady into the country, to wait for its accomplishment.

High spirited, and proud of the antiquity of his family, the Earl had long wished to see Lord Frederic married, that his fond hopes of successors to the title and estate might be fulfilled. His eldest son, by forming an early alliance with a lady old enough to be his mother, had disappointed this darling wish; and to the fair Eleanor, he now looked, with a most eager solicitude.

By degrees, she recovered her health; and leaving her to the care of Wilson, Lord Frederic set out for Landrenden, to assist and comfort Constance; to regulate the affairs of his deceased father-in-law; and to be present at the reading of his last will.

There was evinced by Wilson, a more than ordinary affection towards her Lady, considering the short period she had attended her. Night after night had she watched by her bedside,

with constant and unvarying attention. Her tears had freely accompanied those of her mistress, for the irreparable loss she had sustained; and Eleanor seemed to return this attention, by a more than common respect to her attendant.

Mrs. Wilson was above the middle size, tall, and finely formed, with an heir of dignity in her manners, which insensibly commanded esteem. Her face might have been handsome, had not that fatal enemy to beauty, the small-pox, contributed greatly to disturb that harmony of features, which had else been hers. But a pair of dark piercing blue eyes, and a set of beautiful teeth, still remained; and though the general cast of her countenance denoted melancholy and dejection, there were moments, when an arch smile seemed to betray the natural character of a mind, which misfortune had deprived of its pristine tone.

The youth and inexperience of Eleanor threw her entirely on Wilson, for the regulation of the domestic expenditure. And happy was it for Lord Frederic, that the excellent management of the latter so entirely qualified her for the trust, that while few families in town saw more company, or entertained them more elegantly, few expended less in household arrangements; and while plenty reigned at his table, neither waste nor profusion rioted in his dwelling.

The melancholy visit of Lord Frederic soon terminated. He found Constance recovering from her indisposition, and resigned to her loss. The will of Mountstewart was opened. He bequeathed to Lord Frederic, as he had promised

him, fifteen thousand pounds, to be paid one year after his demise; and all his estates, real and personal, to his daughter Constance, whose husband was hereafter to adopt the name of Mountstewart, and bear the family arms. He further enjoined his daughter to make Landrenden her permanent residence; to continue the ancient domestics; and to preserve the Castle in its original form.—The will concluded with these remarkable words:—"My daughter Constance will farther observe, that my estates stand chargeable with the payment of two hundred a-year, bestowed by me on the house of Messrs. Londry and Longford, for certain purposes. I will that these be duly paid, until the demise of Eleanor Verney, for whose use this sum is designed."

"And who is this Eleanor Verney?" asked Lord Frederic, glancing an eye of Enquiry at Constance.

"I know not," replied she, weeping. "My father never in his life mentioned her to me but once, and that was during his last illness. He then informed me of this bequest; but at the same time commanded me to have no personal intercourse with the being to whom it was made."

Lord Frederic said no more; for he concluded that Eleanor Verney was an unhappy female, to whom Mountstewart in his youth had had some attachment; and here the matter rested for the time.

Lord Frederic in vain entreated Constance to accompany him to London. She had determined to spend her year of mourning at Landren-

den. In this determination she was fixed; and in a few days his Lordship set out on his return to the capital.

Eleanor was now quite recovered; and the second month of her mourning being expired, she once more entered with avidity into the gay circles of the metropolis. His Lordship beheld, with increased anxiety, the strong hold which dissipation had taken of her heart. Yet he still refrained from exerting his authority towards her, hoping that time, and an excellent understanding, would ere long convince her of the nothingness of the life she pursued; and believing that should she become a mother, the fond claims of infant innocence would for ever burst the chains that now enthralled her. Anxiously waiting for this result, he watched every turn of her countenance, anticipated her wishes, and in fine, had no will but hers. But alas! this fond indulgence increased the evil he suffered under; and Eleanor, finding herself uncontrouled, rushed deeper every day down the stream of fashion, whose fatal waters have the power to still every gentle emotion of the heart, and render it more callous to the feelings of Nature. Admiration, the applause of the giddy multitude, seemed now to be her only aim; and to lead the ton, to be the first in every circle, to attract the notice of the male sex, to play deeply, and to be always in company, filled up the measure of her folly.

Wilson would often entreat her to remain at home, only one evening, in vain; and represent to her as vainly, how her health must suffer by continual dissipation. But Eleanor forgot ev-

ery thing but the present moment; laughed at the fears of this faithful attendant: and flying from the gravity of what she called a lecture, tell her, that as a punishment, she would not be at home one day for the ensuing week.

Aware of the anxiety of her husband and her father-in law, for an increase of their family, Eleanor had insisted on the silence of Wilson, respecting her situation; at length, however, it became too apparent for concealment; and Lord Frederic, delighted at the promise it afforded him, now earnestly entreated Eleanor to accompany him into the country.

The constant kindness she had experienced from her Lord, had, in spite of dissipation and folly, rivetted the interest he had gained over Eleanor's heart; and happily was he surprised, when she immediately complied with his wishes, and with a grace, peculiarly her own, declared that she was ready to attend him into the country, whenever he pleased. Yet, scarcely had these words escaped her lips, than a painful recollection crossed her mind, reminding her, that before she quitted town, it would be necessary to discharge the debts she had contracted, while resident in it.

Milliners, mantua-makers, and jewellers, flitted before her fancy in terrible array. The whole of her pin-money had been long ago devoted to the gaming-table. And she would, ere this, have found herself obliged to apply to Lord Frederic for a reimbursement, had not the generosity of the Earl, his father, prevented her, by the timely gift of a thousand pounds, which he had presented her as a marriage gift.

That such a sum could have been expended in a few months, by a mere novice in the world, may perhaps appear strange to many of my female readers. But when they recollect that Eleanor was constant in her attendance at the board of green cloth, that she played deeply, and with a series of ill luck, they will cease to wonder at the consequences of her folly, although they may be surprised at the continuance of it.

Lord Frederic beheld the cloud gather on her brow, and with a smile, demanded of her—"If she repented the promise she had just made?—My Eleanor," said he, tenderly taking her hand, "must pardon that affection, which would wish to engross her entirely. I long to try the advantages of retirement, with a companion like my Eleanor. I wish to convince her, that happiness can be found at home; and that from me, she will ever receive the tenderest, the most attentive kindness."

A tear glistened in the eye of Eleanor. She half wished to throw herself at the feet of her husband, and confess her folly, but was withheld by pride and shame. Yet she returned the pressure of his hand, her head sunk upon his bosom, and she softly whispered—"How can you depend on the companionable qualities of a being so dissipated as I have been? yet, I will cheerfully accompany you into the country, and endeavour to efface from your mind, the evil impressions my past conduct must have created."

Lord Frederic pressed her to his bosom, and in a voice of affectionate enquiry, said—"And

now, Eleanor, I leave to yourself the place of our retirement."

Eleanor's eyes sparkled with delight, and she replied—"If my sister will receive us, I should prefer Landrenden, to every other spot."

"And that she will be delighted with this preference, I have her own letter to evince," said Lord Frederic, taking a letter from his pocket, and presenting it to her. Eleanor took the letter, and read as follows:—

"MY DEAR LORD,

"As I have begun to experience the solitariness of Landrenden, and have reason to suppose, from a hint dropped in my sister's last letter, that her situation requires quiet, I have to request you will favour me with a long visit, and suffer my dear Eleanor to remain with me, till the hopes that situation inspires are accomplished. Trusting that you will exert your influence to gratify my affection, and knowing that your Lordship has no dread of solitude, I shall put the Castle immediately in order to receive you; and the sooner I have the pleasure of seeing you, the more I shall be gratified. I reserve all communications, and I have much to relate to you, till I am favoured with your answer; and with love to the dear Eleanor,

I remain your Lordship's
affectionate sister, and friend,
C. MOUNTSTEWART."

This plan then finally settled, it remained only to put it into execution; and the following week was fixed on as that of their departure from the metropolis.

Eleanor, however, trembled to think of the debts she must leave behind; and to summon resolution to speak of them to her husband, was impossible. Ten thousand times did she resolve, if once she could discharge these, never to involve herself a second time; and after various struggles, she determined to collect her bills, and borrowing their amount of Constance, remit the money to her different creditors, after her arrival at Landrenden. How then was she surprised, when the day before her departure, a large packet of papers was presented to her, enclosed in a blank cover, and on examining them, she found every demand on her satisfied.

The kindness, the consideration, the delicacy of her husband, overwhelmed her with confusion and anguish. She felt that she had not merited from him the tenderness she experienced; and flying to his library, she threw herself, or rather would have thrown herself, on her knees before him, but he caught her in his arms.—"My husband!" at length she cried, "my kind, my generous, my considerate husband, you have overcome me by your goodness. Never from henceforth will I have any will but yours. My life shall be devoted to please and obey you."

Lord Frederic clasped her in his arms.—"My own! my adored Eleanor!" cried he, "you are now the Eleanor of my expectation,

the Eleanor of my hopes. From this time, let confidence reign in your bosom; and know, that while one care exists there, your husband cannot be happy.

CHAP. V.

I love thee, by my life, I do.

SHAKESPEARE.

MR. MANINGHAM had called frequently at the house of Lord Frederic, anxiously expecting the arrival of Mr Mountstewart, whose sudden death gave him serious and sensible pain, not only on account of the esteem he had for him, but for the sake of the tender and delicate Constance, who must have suffered severely, he well knew, on the occasion. And learning, on the return of Lord Frederic, that she did not intend visiting London, during the continuance of her mourning, he determined to take a journey to Landrenden to see her. To this he was induced the more particularly, as professional business called him in a short period to Scotland; and he hoped, ere his departure, to receive his final sentence from the lips of his fair mistress, who, he doubted not, was, by the death of her father, entirely at her own disposal. Affection represented to him the folly of suffering happiness to escape him, in pursuance of the dictates of a romantic generosity; and he finally resolved to lay open every part of his history to Constance; to state every circumstance which rendered the alliance disadvantageous to her; and to place all his prospects before her eye. This,

he flattered himself, was all that could be expected from him; and if, notwithstanding the disadvantages which he laboured under, her heart was inclined in his favour, he determined to offer himself to her acceptance. Arrived at Landrenden, he took up his residence at a small inn in the village; and having informed the master of it that he should sleep there, and given his horse to his charge, for he chose to approach the fair Constance without ostentation, and with as little publicity as possible, he turned his steps towards the Castle, ruminating all the way thither on the probable employment of his beloved:—and what indeed was the occupation in which he discovered her? Young and lovely, at this period scarcely nineteen, possessed of a clear fifteen hundred a year, at her own disposal, he beheld her as he approached the mansion, extending the hand of benevolence to a suffering fellow-creature; and with a small basket on her arm, following the steps of an aged female, who was garrulously detailing to her the dangerous symptoms of her little grandchild, who had been seized with the small-pox. Maningham advanced without being perceived, until within a few paces, when, in a gentle voice, he exclaimed—"Miss Mountstewart, do you want a companion in your walk?"

Constance started; and, blushing at the well-known voice, turned, and demanded to what fortunate occurrence she was indebted for the pleasure of seeing him?

Maningham parried this query, by again asking if he should have the pleasure of accompanying her. Constance having answered in

the affirmative, he offered her his arm; and in this manner they proceeded to the cottage, where having distributed her bounty to the humble inhabitants, Constance ordered them to send for an apothecary, and left them. Maningham, who had waited her return at the cottage-door, again offered her his arm: and they proceeded back to the Castle, conversing on indifferent topics, until Constance repeated her former question, of what had brought him into the country? He replied—"That, charming Constance, which is now the chief business of my life, the hope of obtaining your favour. This evening is too short to enter into particulars: but to-morrow, if you will favour me with a hearing, I will place my situation and circumstances before you. You shall read my whole heart. I will have no reserves: my first wish upon earth, is to prove myself deserving of your favour, and to obtain it. And oh! think me not vain, when I tell you, that I can be contented with no moderate share of your affections. Humble as I am, and far inferior to you in every other respect, in the fondness, the tenderness, the purity of my attachment to you, I will yield to no competitor."

At this moment they had reached the Castle-gates: and the retiring sun warned Maningham that it was time for him to depart: and with a fervent blessing on the dear object of his affection, he suddenly dropped her hand, and was out of sight in a moment.

Constance retired to ruminate at leisure on the intended communication; to examine her own heart; and to ask that heart, if, for the

sake of worldly motives, she could consent to separate herself from a being so calculated to excite respect, command esteem, and attract love, as Maningham?

The event of this examination must have been foreseen by the reader. And she finally resolved to purchase bosom felicity, even at the price of continuing that mediocrity of fortune she at present possessed. Having settled this matter to her entire satisfaction, she contemplated on her pillow fair vissions of hope and peace, in the society of him she loved, till the drowsy god claimed her for his own.

When Maningham presented himself before her the next morning, her eyes told him that he was a welcome visitor. He entered on his explanation, with a firm conviction that he should be heard with attention, and judged with gentleness.

"Of my parents, Miss Mountstewart," said he, while a crimson hue passed over his features, "I am entirely ignorant. I entered the world, or rather life, under the auspices of General Sir Archibald Campbell, then resident in Bengal, holding a high station in the service of the East India Company. Some military disappointments, however, determined him to educate me for the profession of the law. Having generously provided for me, in case of his demise, by the settlement of five hundred per annum on me, he consigned me to a gentleman engaged in mercantile concerns in London, who, from this fund, supplied my wants, and provided for my future profession, by giving me an education suitable to it. It was conjec-

tured by many, and intimated to my patron, that I was illegitimately sprung from himself. But this he so often and so strongly denied, that I, who am bound to him by every tie of gratitude and obligation, should be undeserving of his goodness, did I dare to doubt it. He received me, as he has often declared, from the hand of a bosom friend, who perished in the field of battle, together with a younger brother, who died a few weeks after. And he had reason to believe, that we were his illegitimate offspring, as he never knew of that friend being married. The General died about six months since, abroad, and his demise leaves me perfectly at liberty to select a partner for life. Humble then as is my fortune, unknown, or at best of disgraceful origin, dare I then, lovely Constance, lift my eyes up to you? dare I hope that you will, for my sake, forego those advantages you have a right to expect?"

He paused for a moment, expecting a reply: and Constance, who wished not to keep him in suspense, after she had formed her decision, quickly replied—"Perhaps, Mr. Maningham, you are ignorant of the terms I am forced to acquire, ere I can dispose of myself for life:—are you willing to take my name, and reside constantly at this Castle? These are the conditions annexed to the possession of my fortune. With these perhaps you may be unwilling to comply."

"That I am not pleased with the conditions, I confess," said Maningham, with emotion; "for I had hoped, by my assiduity in my profession, to have made up to my charming Con-

stance, for the loss of those better prospects she had a claim to expect."

"My expectations are bounded," said Constance, timidly, "to a wish of finding happiness at home. I have as yet never strayed beyond it. But I would have you reflect on the sacrifices you must make, Mr. Maningham. I would have you well consider, ere you decide."

"And is this all the objection you have to my proposals?" asked Maningham, warmly. "Will you, dare you consent to become mine?"

Constance candidly replied—"If, on your return from Scotland, you continue to wish it, I will, at the expiration of my mourning, take you for my lord and master."

Maningham eagerly seized her hand, and sealed on it a fond vow of eternal fidelity; and giving up the day to the happy interchange of mutual affection, they conversed at leisure on their future plans. Honour and propriety however, forbade the long continuance of Maningham at Landrenden; and having gained promise from his gentle mistress, to answer his letters, at the end of the third day, he bade adieu.

CHAP. VI.

———Nobility of blood
Is but a glitt'ring and fallacious good:
The nobleman is he whose inborn mind
Is fill'd with worth, unborrow'd from his kind.

DRYDEN.

AT the appointed time, Eleanor and her Lord set out for Landrenden; and so perfect was the happiness and harmony imprinted on their countenances, that in them Constance saw, or fancied she saw, a prototype of the felicity she herself should enjoy with Maningham. She informed Lord Frederic and her sister of the ngement she had made: and they both con- ulated her on the fair prospect of happiness re her.

You might, my dear Constance," said his dship, "have, no doubt, formed a more did alliance: but you might have sought in for a young man so well beloved, or so ly spoken of as Maningham: for myself I em him as a brother: and had he offered self to my sister, Lady Emily, should have n sorry to refuse the alliance, which, from want of that necessary article, money, we st have done."

nstance was delighted at their approbation: the so ciety of her friends, she soo en- recovered her serenity.

[redacted] of Landrenden was once more [redacted] reception of visitors; and this unit[redacted] ed a degree of happiness, rare[redacted] upon mortals! A nurse and one [redacted], were the only dom[redacted]cs the nobleman brought with him in the country; and the former assisted the old nurse in her [redacted] occupations, the latter as cordially [redacted] the burden of the a[redacted]tler.

Eleanor, who had suffered m[redacted] her health, from late hours and [redacted]e pure air of her native spot, recover[redacted] and bloom, and a consciousness [redacted] gave a vivacity to her spirits, whi[redacted] ver, during her residence in Lond[redacted] —So true is it, that the roses of [redacted] rich perfume on the fairest face. [redacted] every day seemed to feel adde[redacted]-wards her: and with the gentlest and most endearing solicitude and attention, appeared to watch over her, as the choicest blessing of his life. The Earl of Fairwater, too, by constant letters, expressed his anxiety for her situation; and frequently reminded his son, that he was responsible to his family for any accident that might prevent the fulfilment of the promise she had afforded him.

"I protest," exclaimed Eleanor, one day, "that your father, my Lord, seems to consider me only as the vehicle which is destined to bring heirs to the Earldom of Fairwater, and to think no more of the corporal sufferings of this poor frame, than if I were a mere automaton! I half wish I may have a girl, only to see how he would take it."

"All in good humour, I dare say, my love," answered he, smiling; "for he would live in hopes that the next——"

"Oh, pray have done with your ideas of *next*——only think of the present affliction, that is enough. Fancy your father's disappointment, if the poor animal should turn out of the wrong sort, when such preparations have been talked of for a splendid christening: I dare say he [illegible] notice the brat."

[illegible] unto the day is the evil thereof," [illegible]nce, laughing. "I hope, however, [illegible] be a son; and in spite of all, if it [illegible], I shall put in my claim to be god[illegible]

[illegible]e however, drew on: and at the proper [illegible]anor became the mother of a beau[illegible] whose birth was announced the same day by Lord Frederic to his father, who, on the receipt of the information, made a public rejoicing. The return of the post brought a pom[illegible] congratulation to the young couple. But [illegible]y readers may like to see the style in whi[illegible]his congratulation was written, and the many [illegible]rections and charges which accompanied it, I shall transcribe his Lordship's letter for their perusal.

"YOUR letter, my dear son, afforded me a vast fund of satisfaction; and I congratulate you and your Lady, and indeed all the collateral branches of our family, (to whom I shall with all diligence announce the blessing,) on the happy prospect the birth of your first

child has afforded us. I am fully sensible of the magnitude of the gift, and gratefully return thanks to Providence for the heir thus bestowed upon me. For your Lady, I shall henceforth, entertain an added share of affection and esteem, and shall look up to her with additional reverence, as the mother of my descendants. Yet, as she is young, and of a delicate constitution, I should wish the nourishment of our future hopes might be derived from a frame more robust than that possessed by her; and have given orders to my steward at Fairwater, to look out for a person belonging to our clan, of hardy make, and sound health, to take the future charge of the boy; and I recommend to you to be particularly watchful, during the interim which must elapse, ere her arrival from Scotland—to be particularly, I say, attentive that no carelessness on the part either of the mother, or her attendants, shall hazard the health of this precious charge. I would have you also particularly attentive to the mode which is adopted in habiting and feeding him, as I am an enemy to compression of any kind, and would have his infant limbs perfectly free, that the sinews and muscles may retain their native vigour, moderately hardening his constitution, without too much exposing him to the external air, avoiding the dews of the morning, or the chill of the evening sky; yet frequently carrying him out to brace and invigorate him.—His diet also should be strengthening, yet not heavy; calculated to encrease the stamina of his body, without lying weighty on the nice fibres of his young intestines.—As to the period of your return to

town for the ceremonial of his baptism, it must of course, depend much on the strength of Lady Frederic, and her issue; yet I should hope, that at the end of two months, both would be able, by easy stages, to undertake the journey: and entreating you once more, my dear son, to recollect the weight of the charge committed to you, and the responsibility you stand engaged in to your country, your family, and yourself, I remain,

your truly affectionate father,

Fairwater"

A long debate between Eleanor and her husband, was the consequence of this letter; and for once, gentle reader, Eleanor was on the right side of the question. She insisted on it, that it was a great hardship that she might not be permitted to give to her own infant that nourishment assigned it by nature, and to be obliged to resign that tender office to a stranger, which her heart told her would cement the union between them.—"To see the first beam of youthful intelligence," cried she, "break from his eye, and to see that beam bestowed on a hireling, will half deprive me of my senses. No, my Lord, no, I cannot, I must not submit to the proposal. I will nourish my own child. I will be the first object in his affection. I cannot answer for my own heart, if I do not. Do you suppose that I can love the infant, merely because I have been the means of bringing him into

life?—No, it is the sweet consciousness that he depends upon me; it is the sweet hope of attracting his first regards; it is the idea of being loved, which will attach me to him. If I am debarred from this sweet office, I may indeed do my duty to him; but, oh! he will not feel towards me half the affection which I might have possessed, he will love his nurse better than his mother!

"This is all a chimera, Eleanor," replied her husband. "Your child will soon learn to distinguish between the woman, who merely affords him nourishment, and the tender affectionate mother, who anticipates his little wishes."

"As a matter of conscience, I cannot consent to the proposal," said Eleanor.

"As a matter of conscience, then!" exclaimed Constance, "you must, my Lord, lay your commands upon my sister, and see if she will dare to disobey you. And really, Eleanor, though I acknowledge, that as a matter of choice, I should wish to nourish my own babe, yet, if my friends thought it likely to injure my own health (and consider how delicate you have always been) I should feel it a duty to submit.

"I hope, for this one speech," said Eleanor, "that Maningham will rule you with a rod of iron."

Then I may inform my father that you will consent to the plan, Eleanor?" asked her Lord.

"You have not yet laid your commands upon me," replied she.

"But will you obey them?"

Oh dear! oh dear! when your Lordship knows the fatal promise of obedience, long since made."

"I will then entreat you, Eleanor, to oblige me."

"There again! entreat, and with that face! Well man, take your own way; but the next step your sage father will propose to us is, I suppose, to give up this little intended Earl entirely to him. But remember, the child is mine; and I positively will not part with him."

Lord Frederic smiled at the suggestion, though he could not but acknowledge to himself that it was not improbable; yet he forebore making any reply to it, and the conversation dropped.

CHAP. VII.

Virtue alone is true nobility:
Let your own acts immortalize your name;
'Tis poor relying on another's fame:
For take the pillars but away, and all
The superstructure must in ruins fall.

STEP. JUV.

ELEANOR and the infant being now able to travel, his Lordship announced to Constance his intention of quitting Landrenden, and requested her to accompany them to London. But this she positively declined, promising him, however, that immediately on her marriage, she would undertake the journey, and spend some time with them: and with many tears the two sisters separated.

Nothing material occurred on the road; and after a pleasant journey, they reached London in safety, and found the Earl of Fairwater in eager expectation of their arrival. The Caledonian nurse was safely lodged in his family, and had gone through a course of medical examination, respecting her capacity of fulfilling the trust intended to be consigned to her; and having fully satisfied every enquiry, was introduced by the Earl himself to her precious charge, and assured by him, that as that trust was executed, she would be rewarded with future favours, or punishment.

The woman, overwhelmned with timidity, dropped a low curtsey, and in the broad dialect of her country, assured his Lordship, that— "She *ken'd weel* the duty she owed to her noble employers; wasn't she the same *blude* with the little Laird? and wasn't she half-sister to the foster sister of the Laird himself? and wasn't her name Jennet Montagûe? "

The Earl, with an air of condescension, told her, he knew the affinity, and that he was proud to acknowledge it; bade her again take particular care of the child; and then having enquired into its general state of health, bade his son and daughter adieu. He retired to his own mansion, to ponder at leisure on the future greatness of an infant of two months of age; he already saw, or fancied he saw, in its innocent features, the linements of family likeness, and marks of that extent of intellect, for which his race had for centuries been famed; and he anticipated in imagination the rise of that infant to the highest dignities of the state: he had seen a young man of twenty prime minister of Great Britain, and if his grandson could obtain that eminence so early, he might yet live to behold him in the high office.

The Earl went on castle-building, contriving within himself the future plans to be adopted in the education of the young statesman, till he was suddenly interrupted in his reflections, by information most particularly welcome to him; and hastened to receive a visitor of no small importance, who was at the same moment announced. The Duke of Derwentwater had called himself, to make known to his dear friend the

advancement bestowed by the Sovereign on his family, and to congratulate him upon it.

Lord Frederic had been nominated that morning on an embassy to the court of Portugal, and a pension was offered to the acceptance of his Lordship, at its conclusion.

The word *pension* roused all the family pride of the Earl.—"Your Grace must be mistaken," cried he; "my Sovereign would not so dishonour the race of Fairwater, as to offer a pension to even a distant branch of it. It is our duty to serve our country, inasmuch as she requires our support; but we are no pensioners."

"My good friend," replied the Duke, "you are wrong; it is the place of our Sovereign to offer the just reward of talents, but it is the part of inborn nobility to decline adding to the burdens of the state. However, you have now heard but part of my business with you—My son, the Marquis of Baybrook, has taken a fancy to Lady Emily Montague, and I called to enquire if he should have your permission to address her?"

The Earl opened both eyes in astonishment; it was a match for his daughter, beyond his most sanguine hopes; he, however, immediately answered—"I can have no objection, certainly, to the alliance, if my daughter approves it; and as to fortune, it was always my intention to portion her as a daughter of the House of Fairwater ought to be portioned; but probably, your Grace will think ten thousand pounds too little for the future Marchioness of Baybrook."

The Duke declared himself satisfied with the fortune proposed; and the two fathers retired to the Earl's library, to adjust the preliminaries.

Lord Frederic, when informed of the appointment in his favour, hastened home to his Eleanor, to acquaint her with it; and Eleanor immediately requested that she might be permitted to accompany him to Lisbon. Lord Frederic, charmed with this proof of her attachment to him, made instant preparations for the removal of his whole family.

But unfortunately, the day before his intended departure, his infant son was taken ill, and the embassy he was engaged in admitting of no delay, he was obliged to set off, in a state of anxious suspense, leaving Eleanor behind, to watch over the health of their mutual charge.

Eleanor, afflicted at the danger of her son, and grieved to be left behind, for many days secluded herself entirely in the nursery, seeing no one but those immediately connected with the family, and the physicians, who attended him. At the end of a fortnight, however, he grew better; and she proposed to her father-in-law to hire a small vessel, and embark with him in it, to join her husband; but this the Earl would by no means consent to, as the medical attendants strenuously advised the contrary, and she found herself obliged to submit.

She, however, determined to see no company during the absence of her husband, but seclude herself entirely with her little boy. This also, after the first month, she found entirely impracticable, as the marriage of Lady Emily forced her to join in the general rejoicings occasioned by it; and engagement followed engagement, without leaving her time to reflect, or liberty to relinquish them: by degrees, her former habits

of dissipation returned; and as she entered again into the world, her passion for high play returned also; and she again pursued it, with a degree of avidity, which rendered her almost entirely devoted to it; the solitude of her own house was irksome to her; and as her son continued to gain strength under the regimen adopted by the physicians, she was perfectly satisfied to leave him to the care of Wilson, and the Caledonian nurse.

The extreme beauty possessed by Eleanor, the *naiveté* of her manners, her ignorance of life, rendered her an easy dupe to the artful and designing of both sexes; it is not, therefore to be wondered at, that the lightness of her purse frequently reminded her of the folly of her pursuits; but as gamesters have always in view the idea of retrieving the lost cash, she still went on, hoping every day to be more successful, and in the ardency of this hope, adding every day to the stake of the former, till her distresses and difficulties became almost intolerable.

It was at this period, that chance, one unfortunate evening introduced her to Colonel Rosalie, who preceiving her extreme eagerness at play, with an art of an adept, contrived to lure her on, till she had risked the whole sum remaining in her possession; he saw, with satisfaction, the colour vary on her beautiful countenance, as the luck seemed to turn against her, and he marked the succeeding paleness created by her defeat, till observing that she was entirely off her guard, he proposed once more doubling the stakes, when fortune he declared, might probably be tired of tormenting her. Eleanor acced-

ed to the proposal and in an evil hour, rendered herself his debtor, in the sum of five hundred pounds, which she appointed him to call on her the following day to receive; and having paid the usual compliments to the mistress of the mansion, she departed, in a state of mind which no language can describe. She threw herself into her carriage, arrived at her own house, and immediately retired to her apartment, where, having dismissed Wilson, she sat down to ruminate at leisure on the difficulties in which she had involved herself, and the best mode of extricating herself from them. To apply to the father of her husband, was impossible, as he had lately paid into her hands a considerable sum, intended for the support of her establishment, and astonished at such an application, he would naturally expect this sum to be accounted for; and without laying the whole of her imprudence before him, this was impracticable; her proud spirit revolted from an idea so humiliating, and she turned from it in horror: yet to suffer her debt to Colonel Rosalie to remain unpaid, to feel herself obliged to a perfect stranger, a stranger of the male sex, was still more intolerable; yet this she determined at length to submit to, as she hoped the arrival of Constance and Maningham, from whom she determined to borrow the money, would, in a week or two at the farthest, enable her to discharge it, when she determined never again to involve herself in so disagreeable and humiliating a circumstance.

The night was passed without rest, and languid and unrefreshed, she found herself obliged, the following day, to prepare for the reception

of her visitor. The morning, however, passed, and Colonel Rosalie came not; and to avoid meeting him, she sent an apology to the party at which she had engaged herself for the evening, on the score of indisposition; but scarcely were the tea-things removed, when that gentleman was announced. The air of languor which pervaded the countenance of Eleanor, informed him in a moment, that her indisposition, which he had heard from the domestics, was not feigned; and with an air of peculiar interest, he offered his condolements upon it, and endeavoured to draw her into indifferent topics of conversation; but Eleanor, with whom her debt, and his expectation of receiving it, was still uppermost, was thoughtful and uncomfortable. After a short time, she summoned resolution to inform him, that her indisposition had incapacitated her from thinking of the circumstance, and that she was entirely unprepared to settle his demand upon her.

"Dear Lady Frederic," replied he, "it is a trifle, quite unworthy of a moment's consideration. I merely called to enquire after your health, and to request permission to have the honour of ranking myself among the number of your friends; and shall feel myself particularly gratified, if you will suffer the matter to rest, till I have the pleasure of seeing your husband."

Eleanor thanked him for his politeness; but assured him, it was her intention to discharge her debt of honour, as soon as possible; and after sitting a short time, the Colonel took his leave.

Eleanor, pleased with his person and manner, and unsuspicious of the evil design which lurked in the heart of this specious character, felt herself suddenly relieved from a weight she had found almost insupportable; and grateful to the being who had thus relieved her, received his occasional visits, with marks of evident satisfaction. The intimacy insensibly ripened into familiarity; and Rosalie, whose designs on the person of Eleanor were deeply rooted, carefully guarded his conduct, that while he suffered her to perceive the pleasure he took in her society, and the interest he felt towards her, the delicacy of his manner gave her no room for apprehension or distrust; and the caution he observed in his visits, prevented every one connected with her from perceiving their frequency, and consequently disabled them from noticing the impropriety of them. The net was too cautiously laid to be discoverable to the innocent and unsuspicious Eleanor, who, with a confidence in her own heart, dangerous to her happiness and her honour, felt gratified by the friendship professed by the Colonel towards her, and would probably have fallen into the snare, had not the goodness of Providence, in a most singular manner, relieved her from it.

It happened one fortunate evening, that Colonel Rosalie, having sacrificed freely to the jolly god, took it into his wise head to pay a visit to Eleanor, who had accidentally informed him in the morning, that she intended spending the evening alone, and was consequently entirely *en dishabille*. She received him, howe-

ver, with her usual complacency; and ordering a card-table to be put out, challenged him to a game at picquet. Her usual bad luck attended her, and having lost several guineas, she threw down the cards, protesting she could play no longer.

"I am your debtor, Colonel Rosalie," cried she, with an air of gaiety, "too much already. But the arrival of my sister, whom I daily expect, will soon enable me to acquit myself of every thing indeed, but gratitude for your forbearance."

Colonel Rosalie, thrown off his guard by the soft voice in which this was spoken, earnestly seized her hand, and with a look, which could scarcely be mistaken, replied—"Ah! if you knew how much I have had occasion to practise forbearance, in my acquaintance with you, dear Lady Frederic, you would pity me."

Eleanor, trembling and confused, affected to misunderstand him—"Dear me!" exclaimed she, blushing deeply, "had I known that you wanted the money, I am sure—I am sure—" her voice faltered; the ardent gaze of the Colonel overwhelmed her with conscious shame.

"Oh talk not of money!" exclaimed he; "Eleanor, dear Eleanor, I wish you to understand me. Cannot you see that my heart is torn, distracted with a passion, you, you alone can appease?"

Eleanor was silent. Astonishment rivetted her to the spot on which she stood. She gasped for breath: and the Colonel, fancying he saw in her silence and astonishment, certain marks of timidity and compliance, threw his arms round

her, and pressing her to his bosom, cried—"Let this moment—this delightful moment make you wholly mine!"

Eleanor struggled in vain to free herself. His kisses, his burning kisses, contaminated the purity of her cheeks. His arms were still clasped round her, when a gentle rap at the door forced him instantly to relinquish his hold; and Wilson immediately made her appearance, with the little Frederic in her arms.

"The babe, my Lady," said Wilson, eying the disorder visible in her Lady's dress, "the babe, my Lady, is going to bed. I have brought him to receive your blessing."

Eleanor took the child—she kissed it, and mentally blessd it. Then consigned it to Wilson, turned to Colonel Rosalie, and exclaimed—"The insult I have this night received, cancels for ever my obligations to you. Retire, Sir, retire, satisfied with having forfeited my esteem for ever. To-morrow my steward shall settle every pecuniary demand you have upon me. Let me never see you more!"

"Eleanor, dear Eleanor, forgive! Oh, Lady Frederic, pity, pardon the wretch whom love alone has rendered guilty! My penitence, my sorrow—oh, forgive, dear Eleanor, forgive! From this moment I will suffer in silence: only permit me to see you; forbid me not from the blessing of your presence; I will never again mention my unhappy love! Oh pardon a conduct, a fault, that love created:" and he threw himself on his knees before her.

Eleanor, however, with a dignity he had never before seen her assume, replied—"No, Sir,

I will see you no more. The woman who can pardon an offence of this nature, and receive the visits of the offender, deserves to have that offence repeated;" and wringing the bell, she commanded a servant to light the Colonel to the door; and that gentleman, cursing in his heart the intrusion of Wilson, departed.

Wilson paused a moment: but Eleanor spoke not, and with the infant in her arms, that faithful domestic retired.

CHAP. VIII.

Now cold despair,
To livid paleness turns the glowing red;
The blood scarce liquid, creeps within the veins,
Like water which the freezing wind constrains.

DRYDEN.

With her arm rested on the table, and her head reclined on her arm, Eleanor remained several hours, without moving, in a deep and fearful reverie, if that could be so called, where every thought was chaos. A dreadful idea of some horrible calamity seemed to palsy every attempt towards reflection. The insult she had received appeared so terrible and terrifying, that she half fancied herself guilty towards her husband, in being the object of it. A painful sense of self-accusation filled her bosom, and seemed to demand vengeance. Her proud spirit, agonized at the degradation she had sustained, detestation of the wretch who had offended her, took entire possession of her heart. To have owed an obligation to him who would have been the destroyer of her honour, to feel herself indebted to him, was a feeling, which rived every nerve in torture. To know that she possessed not power to satisfy his demand upon her, threw her into a state of mind, which no language can describe.

The overwhelming torture, which had at

first benumbed her faculties, was succeeded by an acute feeling, which for a time deprived her of all power of reflecting on the past, or anticipating the future; and when Wilson, as was usual with her, came to attend her for the night, she was quite alarmed at her wild and altered appearance.

"It is in vain to go to bed, Wilson," said she, despair painted in every feature. "I cannot sleep. Oh! why, my husband, my friend, did you consent to leave me? Wilson, I am unfit to converse, even with you. You would hate, you would despise me, did you know the insult to which I have subjected myself,"

"Has Colonel Rosalie insulted you, my Lady?" asked Wilson, with a countenance in which some horrible fear seemed to reign; "has he insulted you—did he attempt—did he dare? or has he, Almighty God, has he succeeded?"

"Do I look like an adultress, Wilson?" shrieked the agonized Eleanor; "do I look like an adultress? Oh no!" And falling on her knees, she exclaimed—My God! my God! I thank thee! I am yet, I am yet innocent of actual crime! but oh, Wilson," and she shuddered convulsively, "I have stood on a tremenduous precipice. The wild waves of desolation have been roaring before me. I have been environed by the snare of the deceiver. That I have not fallen, my God! I thank thee! that fatal Rubicon once passed, I had been lost for ever!"

"My dear child, my dear Eleanor, my dear Lady! pray be calm," said Wilson, scarcely less agitated than Eleanor herself, yet struggling to subdue her own feelings; "try to recollect yourself."

"To recollect is agony," groaned Eleanor. "I still feel his burning kisses on my contaminated cheek. I still feel the grasp of his licentious arms. I hear the horrible suggestions of his tongue, to win me to his purpose; and I know that I am indebted to this wretch five hundred guineas: how, how am I to repay them?"

"You think too seriously of this affair, my Lady," said Wilson. "If the Colonel has insulted you, forbid him the house, and pay him the money. It cannot be difficult to procure the sum. I will answer for procuring the money, ithout any one's suspecting the circumnce."

"Forbid him the house!" cried Eleanor, hat I have already done. But oh! Wilson, o can banish from my thoughts the memo- f the past? Horror, shame, and pride, pre- ted me at first from recollection. And the ain, mistaking my silence, terror and timidi- ty, I suppose, for compliance, dared, impious- ly dared to clasp me in his arms; and oh! do I live to relate it! had the presumption to kiss me, at that horrible moment you entered with my babe."

"You have reason, my dear Lady, to rejoice this discovery of the villany of Colonel Ros- ," said Wilson, "before his machinations succeeded in alienating your heart from Lord Frederic. And oh! in this awful mo-

ment, let me caution you to avoid for ever, that fatal enemy to virtue, and domestic happiness, the gaming-table. "Believe me" continued she, and her voice rose to energy while she spoke, "believe me, and I speak from melancholy experience, the human heart is never to be trusted within its vortex. Promise me," and she threw herself on her knees, "promise me, here solemnly promise me, to renounce it for ever."

There was an air of command in the person, a suplicating tone in the voice of Wilson, which astonished, and awed her mistress. Eleanor looked at her, with surprised emotion.

"Believe me for a moment," exclaimed Wilson, still more solemnly, "that you see your departed mother, in my person kneeling before you. Fancy that your honourable father is now looking down from regions of beatitude, to bless the vow; and in the presence of that Almighty Being, who registers the actions of humanity, swear, never again to stake your honour on the cast of a die. Swear never again to trust the happiness of your excellent husband, the future respectability of your infant, to the chance of being blasted for ever, by so ruinous a vice."

Eleanor sunk on her knees beside Wilson—"I swear," cried she, "most solemnly swear to obey you!"

Wilson sprung from her knees, clasped Eleanor in her arms, and, with a loud shriek, fell senseless at her feet.

The terrified Eleanor, entirely unable to assist her, rang the bell violently; and the whole family soon came to her relief. Wilson was conveyed to her own apartment, and in a short

time recovered her recollection; and Eleanor, having satisfied herself that she was unlikely to relapse, being assured by that excellent woman, that her fits when once over, never returned, till after a considerable lapse of time, retired to her own bed-chamber, where she was confined by indisposition the whole of the following day.

Wilson, on the contrary rose early the next morning, and pursued her usual occupations. Yet the paleness of her countenance, and the debility of her frame, shewed her far from well. She however took a hackney-coach, and went into the city, to procure the five hundred guineas, so necessay to her mistress; and having succeeded, it boots us not now to enquire how, instantly on her return dispatched the steward with it to Colonel Rosalie; and then waiting on her mistress, informed her what she had done. Eleanor enquired where she had procured the money. But Wilson, requesting her to be satisfied, till the next day, when every thing should be explained to her satisfaction, assisted her to rise; and bringing the little Frederic to his mother, left them together; and having ordered the nurse to follow, in a few moments, lest the child should weary the weak spirits of her mistress, retired to her own room.

The burden of the debt being once off the mind of Eleanor, she soon recovered from her indisposition: and forming many good resolutions for the future, while under the painful sense of humiliation, she determined to retrench her expenses, till this debt was faithfully discharged to Wilson. She resolved also, firmly to adhere to the promise she had made to that

excellent domestic.—Wilson, however, as her mistress recovered, seemed to catch the melancholy she had relinquished, as if some deep and incurable calamity preyed upon her heart, and destroyed her frame, which also appeared sinking under the intolerable burden. Eleanor, apprehensive that anxiety for her little all, which she had embarked in the payment of her debt of honour to the Colonel, caused this depresson of spirits, insisted on her taking from her a bond for the money, which after much difficulty, that faithful creature consented to receive; and affecting a gaiety of spirits, quite unusual to her, entirely lulled the apprehensions of Eleanor upon her account. How then was her tender affectionate heart wounded, when the day after this transaction, on ringing the bell, as customary for her morning attendance, one of the upper house-maids made her appearance, with the information that Wilson had quitted the house early in the morning, taking her trunks, and every thing belonging to her. A letter, which she had left for her mistress, far from unravelling the mystery of her conduct, seemed rather to increase it; and as my readers may be curious to see its contents, I shall transcribe it for their perusal.

"Bound to you by the ties of affection and tenderness, it may appear astonishing that I have withdrawn myself for ever from your sight; yet, alas! it is too true. My frail heart dared no longer trust itself with you,

but it should betray a fatal secret, which must for ever tinge my cheek with the burning blushes of shame, in your presence. Eleanor my mistress, my friend, let the last interesting conversation between us ever live in your memory. Cherish in your bosom the recollection of an affection more than maternal; and oh! sanctify the promise which you then made me, by preserving it through life unbroken. Your bond I have burnt. It is useless to me. Money I want not. Yet, oh pardon my presumption! I have left on your dressing-table a ring of inestimable value. Let it be from this moment your companion, through every change of fortune. Its motto will remind you of your faithful, but unhappy servant. When she is far distant, perhaps mouldering in the tomb, think that it speaks her voice; think that it witnesses all your actions; and dare not, for an instant, forfeit that promise, which to believe unbroken, will soften the evil of her destiny. To the care of an Almighty Providence, I now earnestly recommend you, trusting that we shall meet hereafter, when my soul, purified by penitence and suffering, shall hail you in the kingdom of my Father, and be united to you in blessedness."

Eleanor sprung from her bed in astonishment and anguish, and tottering to her dressing-table, caught the ring in her hand; it was old-fashioned, set in diamonds, which enclosed a platting of light auburn hair, and mottoed on the back, with the single word, "Remember:" she in-

stantly placed it on her finger, determined only to resign it with her life; and throwing on her dressing-gown, sat down in melancholy rumination on the mysterious being who had conferred it on her. That Wilson was above the situation in life where she was placed, she had long been convinced; yet who, or what she was, it was impossible to conjecture. A sort of awful presentiment, that some hidden link connected them to each other, seemed to agonize the heart of Eleanor; and she felt toward the friend she had thus lost, a degree of veneration, scarcely less than filial. It was a loss that could not easily be supplied; and with the deepest regret she contemplated it.

While these reflections were passing in her mind, and while she was revolving what steps to take, to supply the vacuum in her establishment, a letter from Constance determined her to break up her household, and make an immediate visit to Landrenden. To procure the consent of the Earl, was now the only step which interfered between her and her wishes; and ordering her carriage, she dressed herself immediately, resolving to make an attempt to gain it.

The Earl received her with an air of coldness and severity, which shocked and surprised her; and with an equal degree of readiness, consented to her proposal, demanding if she wanted money to put it into execution. Without waiting for her reply, he drew from his pocket-book, bills to the amount of one hundred guineas, which he put into her hands; and then hastily enjoined her to be careful of the health of her son, he pleaded a pressing engagement, and left her.

Eleanor ordered her carriage to the habitation of the Marchioness, her sister-in-law, to take leave of her; that lady was gone out:—and sending a few cards to her most intimate acquaintance, she began to make preparations for quitting town: yet a secret wonder at the conduct of the Earl, was mixed with these preparations, and she often paused to ruminate upon it. The fact, however, was, that the visits of Colonel Rosalie, who was well known as a man of professed gallantry, had been observed by himself. Rumour, too, had informed him of Eleanor's frequent losses at play, and of the demand the Colonel had upon her, which had been doubled by report to twice the real sum. The sudden dismissal of the Colonel had been published abroad by the servants of Eleanor; for when are servants either ignorant or silent on the affairs of their employers? The Colonel had himself given publicity to the circumstance, though he had not been quite correct in his statement of it; for, worked up by resentment, he had insinuated much to the disadvantage of Eleanor; and it was generally and currently believed, that she had settled his demand upon her, in a way which entailed infamy and disgrace upon herself and her family; and that the Colonel, presuming on previous familiarity, had been refused repetition of those favours, which the Lady had merely intended as a balance to his account against her.

Oh ye who bask in the sunshine of happiness and virtue, behold the frail tenure of female reputation, and by the fate of the hapless Eleanor, take timely warning! Remember, that woman,

lovely woman, can rarely form a friendship with man, without subjecting herself to misconstruction and danger. Remember, that her first praise is to be without spot, and to bear herself so evenly on the grand stage of human life, that her husband and her children may look up to her with confidence; and, above all, that her own heart, that unerring monitor, may feel satisfied in the consciousness of rectitude; and in the openness of sincerity, which may in truth be called the bloom of the human mind, feel that it has nothing to disguise.

Eleanor, with a heart free from actual crime, yet could not but acknowledge to herself, that she had been imprudent; could not but feel, that to her Lord, she must henceforth be insincere; for, to him, it was impossible she could relate the events which had recently happened to her. The ardent affection she felt towards him, made her tremble, even at the idea of involving him in a quarrel with Colonel Rosalie; and in a feverish degree of impatience, did she anticipate the next letter she should receive from him; and as her carriage rolled on with her to Landrenden, a sort of painful presentiment seemed to fill her bosom. Her tears flowed incessantly; and to be folded to the heart of Constance, seemed now the only relief her fate afforded.

Yet, how did that relief approach her? Constance, the mere shadow of her former self, pale, dispirited, and languid, with eyes filled with tears, and a frame sinking with disease and dejection, threw herself on the bosom of Eleanor, and with convulsive sobs, welcomed her to a joyless home.

Eleanor, alarmed at her sister's appearance, in silence pressed her to her heart, and without thinking of her infant, or the Caledonian nurse, who followed in mournful silence, drew her towards the Castle. The old nurse led the way to the breakfast room, and gazing on each other in mute agony, the two sisters wept together.

"My Constance," at length cried Eleanor," you are ill, you are unhappy! Oh, why was I not sent for before?"

Constance lifted her tearful eyes to those of Eleanor, and with expressive solemnity, said —"The connexion, Eleanor, which was to have formed the happiness of my life, is broken—broken, most probably, for ever. A fatal, a dreadful mystery hangs upon the birth of Maningham, and we have parted, perhaps for ever. To relate to you all the events which have happened to me, is impossible; I am unequal to the effort. But know, that while my esteem for him is increased, I believe that duty, honour, propriety, and virtue, forbid our union."

Eleanor again pressed her sister to her bosom; and Constance recollecting herself, enquired for her infant. The little Frederic was brought, and a new interest seemed to unite Constance to her sister.

Day after day elapsed, marked by no circumstance worthy of recording. The solitude of Landrenden was unbroken. Few intrude on the unhappy: and in the contemplation of her babe, and endeavours to restore the languid health of Constance, Eleanor passed a long

month, during which time, no letter from her absent Lord reached her hand. A thousand vague and improbable fears now took possession of her heart—fears which the delicate health of her sister prevented her confiding to her. At length, unable any longer to repress her anxiety, she addressed a letter to the Earl of Fairwater.

The return of the post brought her a concise answer to her enquiries, informing her, that the Earl was in daily expectation of his son's arrival. But no congratulation to her met her eye; and she saw plainly, that she had, by some act of inadvertency, incurred his displeasure. Conscious, however, of not deserving his anger, she was contented patiently to bear it, until the arrival of her Lord, which became now, more than ever, the eager object of her anticipation.

It is now time to turn to Constance; and as this chapter has been quite long enough, we shall reserve all the sorrows of her youthful bosom for a new one.

CHAP. IX.

Her downcast eyes fix'd on the silent ground;
Her dress neglected, and unbound her hair,
She seem'd the mournful image of despair.

GARRICK.

MANINGHAM returned from Scotland at the time appointed, and with all the ardour of a passionate lover, hastened to Landrenden, to throw himself at the feet of his fair mistress, who with timid blushes, acknowledged her happiness at his return, and gratified him, by fixing on an early day for their union. Marriage settlements were unnecessary, as Mr. Mountstewart had taken care to settle his estate so firmly on Constance, and her future heirs, that it was impossible any part of them could be alienated. Maningham and Constance, however, devoted several days to the arrangement of their future plans, and the inspection of the family papers.

It chanced, that while busied in this arrangement, Constance suddenly turned over a bundle of papers, from which fell a miniature picture, which had accidentally been concealed in them; she stooped to recover it, when an exclamation of surprise burst from her.

"Maningham!" cried she, "you have contrived a pretty plot to entangle me: what a good likeness!"

Maningham putting down a parchment he had been earnestly engaged in perusing, looked at her for a moment, without comprehending her meaning; but observing the picture in her hand, he said—"What have you got there, Constance? I must positively turn you out of the room, or I can make nothing of these papers. I never found business so exceedingly irksome before. It is you who are answerable for my idleness."

Constance, with a smile, went round to the back of the chair on which he was seated, and placing her hand on his shoulder, she said—"And will you say that you have not put this picture in my way, merely to see if I should discover the resemblance? Is it not yours? Come, no prevarication, Mr. Lawyer; for once speak the plain truth—is not this picture yours?"

Maningham, with a look of astonishment gazed at her a moment in silence. Then seizing her hand, he turned the face of the miniature towards himself—his astonishment encreased.—"I am no judge of my own face, my sweet Constance," replied he. "But upon my honour, I never saw this resemblance of it before this moment. It may be like me, but for me it was never taken."

"Then whose is it?" asked Constance.

"That I should like to know," answered he, drawing a ribband from his bosom; "for here I have another set exactly like it, and I have reason to believe this is the picture of my mother; it was found on the bosom of my father, after his dissolution."

Constance silently compared the pictures;

they were the same size, appeared to be drawn by the same hand, and both were backed with hair. Maningham touched a secret spring, which opened the one in his bosom, and on the inside rim, Constance read distinctly, "Eleanor Verney, August 1st 1780." In silent astonishment, Maningham then pressed a similar spring in the apparent counterpart, and both, with equal surprize, read the concording inscription; "Frederic Maningham Verney, August 1st, 1780."

"That these are the pictures of my parents," said Maningham, after an expressive pause, "I have no doubt. But how that of my father came into the possession of your family, I have yet to learn."

Constance, still leaning on the shoulder of Maningham, seemed to dwell on this coincidence, with a sort of painful apprehension; and with earnest eyes, regarded the object of her affection in silence; which he perceiving, with a voice of tender enquiry, demanded if she had any clue to guide him to an explanation? and then, as if suddenly recollecting herself, she said, "Let us call in the old nurse. If these pictures are connected with my family, she must know them, as she has resided in it nearly forty years. Jonathan, too, has been an old servant—let us seek information from them. But there is one thing, which I confess alarms me—the name of Eleanor Verney is not unknown to me; let us call in the servants—after that I will tell you more."

The ancient domestics were then summoned to appear; and Maningham, placing the pictures

on a table, motioned them to approach. He then eagerly demanded, if they knew for whom those pictures had been designed?

A momentary silence followed. Both looked at the gentleman's portrait, declaring they had never seen any one that resembled it, "unless, indeed, it is your own, Sir," said the nurse, looking at Maningham. "And now I perceive it is indeed the very moral of you, only something too fat, to be sure."

"And this," said Constance, drawing the other portrait to view, "do you know this, nurse?"

The good woman lifted up her hands and eyes—"This, my Lady, this is the image of your mother—just so she looked and smiled. Oh, it was a sad day to us all, when we lost her. My master never enjoyed himself afterwards. He forbid every one from ever mentioning her name. Yes, this is my Lady's picture, poor thing! it could have been done for no earthly creature beside."

"Yes, it is her picture," exclaimed Jonathan. "But she was much altered when I saw her last. She had no smile on her face then, poor soul! Oh, it was a sad time!"

"My mother's maiden name was——"

"Baskerville, Madam," interrupted Jonathan.

"Did you ever know any woman of the name of Verney?" asked Maningham, "Eleanor Verney?"

"Eleanor was my Lady's christian name," answered the nurse. "But as to Verney, I never knew man or woman, gentle or simple, called by it."

"And yet," said Constance, "in his last will, my father has left two hundred a-year to one Eleanor Verney."

Jonathan looked expressively at Mr. Maningham; then protesting the name was unknown to him, quitted the room, and the nurse immediately followed him.

Maningham turned to Constance, who, pale and agitated, stood by the fire, leaning her head on her hand.—"Constance, my beloved Constance," cried he, "be composed. What is it that you apprehend?"

"I scarcely know what to hope, or fear," said Constance. "But I am confused and miserable. Oh, Maningham, this mystery is horrible! See you not, that some fatal link chains your birth to my family? and I feel a secret assurance, that that link will eventually separate us from each other."

Maningham clasped her hands in visible emotion.

"You believe, Maningham, that miniature to be the picture of your mother; and you have heard how these people affirm it to be that of mine. Are you then, is it possible, that you can be my brother?"

Maningham started. A conjecture so horrible had not once entered his imagination. But he felt the coincidence of circumstances might naturally give birth to it. A cold sweat bedewed his forehead. He grasped the hand of Constance in convulsive agony; then pressed her inanimate frame to his bosom, and rushed out of the room.

CHAP. X.

"Oh, love, how are thy precious, sweetest minutes
Thus ever cross'd, thus vex'd with disappointments!"

In the antichamber, as Maningham crossed it to go out of the Castle, he was met by old Jonathan, who, with a look of much meaning, and his finger on his lip, as a token of secrecy, beckoned him to follow him; and leading to a shrubbery at the rear of the Castle, which screened them from the observation of its inhabitants, he suddenly paused, and then, in a tone of deep sorrow, said—"I think it probable, Sir, that my late master might have left the sum Miss Constance speaks of to his late Lady, under a feigned name, as it was his determined purpose that her children should never know her."

"Is Mrs. Mountstewart alive then?" asked Maningham, in surprise.

"Alas! Sir, I know not. It is now seventeen years since I last saw her. Where she is, or what became of her, I know not. Immediately after the separation, my master removed to this Castle, which had long been untenanted; and I have not heard her name mentioned since."

"Do your young ladies know the circumstances of her history?"

"They have been taught to believe, that she died while they were very young; and as my

master insisted on our concealing every thing we knew, they have heard nothing to the contrary; and indeed, Sir, it was of no use to tell them of it, as my master declared, that as long as he lived, Mrs. Mountstewart should never see them. To be sure, it was hard to deprive a mother of her own babes. But then, you know, Sir, if she had disgraced them, it was her own fault; and to say the truth, she never, I believe, troubled herself about them. Some people supposed she left England, with the gentleman who seduced her. But, God knows, she left my master miserable enough."

"And what was the name of that gentleman?" asked Maningham, with a sort of fearful alarm.

"Indeed, Sir, I never heard. My mistress was as beautiful a young creature, when my master married her, as ever eyes beheld; but wo often betides beauty: then her manners also were so sweet and engaging that he seemed to doat on the very ground she walked over, and would gaze upon her, whole hours together. She had only these two children, before she went to London, and one she had aftewards died there: and then I was told, (for illness kept me in the country), that she took to strange ways; out all night, in bed all day, spending, nothing but spending, till at last she quarrelled with my master, and left him. It was seventeen years ago last August, that he came down, and settled here. He then called the old nurse and me to him, and told us, that he wished his children to believe that she was

dead; and that the first time her name was mentioned to them, or him, should be the last of our service. The other people about him knew nothing of the matter; and the young ladies have no more notion of their mother, than if they had never had one."

Maningham was still silent: and the old man continued—"Yet poor old nurse and I have sighed after the poor soul, as we have sat in the housekeeper's room of a cold winter's night, and wondered what was become of her, she that was once so idolized by all; but we dared not ask."

"You will still keep the secret, Jonathan," said Maningham. "It can do your lady no good to know it; and you will caution the nurse: and now I will thank you to leave me."

Jonathan with a low bow, obeyed; and musing on what he had just heard, Maningham walked on. With the foregoing history, he flattered himself he could not have the remotest connexion, as whatever was the conduct of Mrs. Mountstewart, his own age rendered every idea of his being her son, by the illi[illegible] nexion she had formed after her marri[illegible] possible.—"Then who," sighed he, me[illegible] "was this Eleanor Verney, whose resemblance to my Constance's mother is so astonishing, and how is she connected with me? How came the picture of my father in the possession of Mr. Mountstewart? for that the picture is that of my own father, my likeness to it exemplifies. And who is this Eleanor Verney, to whom the father of Constance bequeaths so considerable a legacy? These are questions which I must

solve, ere I can ally myself to Constance. On their solution depends then the future happiness or misery of my life."

Yet with the anxiety of a man, who dreads, yet dares to risk the whole of his earthly hopes, doubting, yet dissembling his doubts even to his own heart, did he struggle to attain fortitude to meet Constance, and learn from her where to seek that Eleanor Verney, who seemed now to be the mistress of his fate; and oh! what a vast change had a few intervening circumstances made in his feelings! it had once been the first wish of his heart to discover his family connexions; it was now, alas! its first wish to be firmly convinced that Eleanor Verney was not his mother.

Constance repressed her feelings, as much as possible; and Maningham, endeavouring to inspire her with a confidence which he felt not himself, informed her of his design of going in pursuit of Eleanor Verney, merely as a circumstance calculated to afford her satisfaction; being convinced, that however a coincidence of [illegible] might have led to the mystery in question, it was impossible that it could have any connexion with his own birth. Constance affected to be convinced by his arguments, in the hope of affording him consolation: and thus mutually deceiving each other, they at length separated for the night; and with the address of Messrs. Londry and Longford in his pocket, Maningham retired to the inn, to commence his journey to the metropolis on the morrow.

The event of his enquiries, I shall relate in his own words, addressed to his unfortunate companion in affliction.

" *Constance, my beloved Constance,*

" In what language shall I address you, to soften the sad, sad story I have to communicate? And must I, who would die to render you happy—who would have thought life little, in comparison to your felicity—must I wound your gentle spirit?—Must I, who prize you beyond every earthly good—must I bid you renounce me for ever? Oh, Constance, pity and pardon me, if I still dare to call you best beloved of my soul! That we must meet no more—that your fatal fears are verified—that we are bound to each other, in fatal, fatal bonds of affinity, I now too surely know. My sister, my friend—surely I may thus address you without guilt—yes, my friend, my sister, pure spirit of virtue, as a fond brother, I now speak to you! Oh despise not that title! it is all that is now left me, of the vast hoard of happiness once preparing to bless me!—yet I will endeavour to collect myself; take then the sad journal of my history.

" I called on Messrs. Londry and Longford. They were unable to direct my search after Eleanor Verney. She had, only a few days previous to my arrival, called in person on them, and received a considerable sum of money from their hands; they, however, knew not her address. I prosecuted my enquiries—" Did they know any thing of Eleanor Verney? how nearly was she related to the late Mr. Mountstewart?" " They were uncertain—they believed not at all, or only by marriage."

" Mr. Londry then explained to me some family anecdotes; but as they are not material,

I shall not repeat them. But to have done at once with this dreadful subject, suffice it to say, that I at length drew from him a reluctant confession of the whole affair; and discovered that your mother had, at the age of nineteen, been privately married to Frederic Maningham Verney; that she had by him a son, whom she consigned to the care of his father, and that both were supposed to have died in the East Indies; that she still retained her maiden name, until her union with your father, who, apprised of her situation, consented still to conceal the circumstance; that after being married to him, by the name of her father, Baskerville, she accompanied him to London, where the ceremony was performed a second time, by her real name of Verney. Mr. Londry was himself present at the union, which took place in St. George's church, Hanover-square; and with him was deposited a settlement upon her, which was afterwards, by mutual consent, cancelled.

"To seek Eleanor Verney, who is probably a distant relative of my father's, useless as it must be, shall now be my attempt; for ah! Constance, the account given by Mr. Londry is but too correct, as I have already inspected the parish register, and have not a doubt remaining. To disprove myself the son of this first union, is now my only hope; but oh! Constance, so feeble is this hope, that I tremble to communicate it to you. I will however follow this Eleanor Verney to the utmost verge of the earth. How fatal, my sweet sister, is disingenuity! by what a train of evils has not the first fault of our mother been visited! yet it is impious to re-

pine at the unfathomable dispensations of Omnipotence. To his care I commend my Constance, for whose everlasting happiness, here and hereafter, fervently prays.

"F. CAMPBELL MANINGHAM."

Mr. Maningham had enclosed in this letter a proper authentic certificate of her mother's marriage, and Constance had no longer a hope of felicity upon earth. A severe illness was the consequence of this discovery; and it was during this illness she wrote to request Eeleanor to come to her.

Day after day elapsed, and her spirits still suffered an alarming depression, which the society of Eleanor, who was herself a prey to mental disquiet, contributed not to lighten. The return of her husband had been announced by the public prints; and he neither wrote or sent to her. The proud spirit of Eleanor revolted at his conduct, and she determined to convince him, that she could be equally indifferent with himself, by preserving a total silence towards both himself and family. How then was every feeling of her heart aggravated, when the following letter reached her hands!

TO LADY FREDERIC MONTAGUE.

"I am commissioned by my son, Lord Frederic Montague, to submit to your Ladyship the enclosed articles for your inspection, which, I regret to say, your late conduct, and well-known disgraceful intercourse with Colonel Rosalie, have made indispensably necessary to his happiness and honour. As you cannot in future, after the publicity which has attached to your libertinism, be known in the world as the daughter-in-law of the Earl of Fairwater, you will do well to afford my son the only reparation now in your power, by furnishing him with evidence, to dissolve a marriage, which he determines from henceforth shall cease to exist. Your son must be forthwith resigned to his father.

"FAIRWATER."

The articles enclosed ran thus;—

"Article 1.—If Lady Frederic Montague submits to furnish proof of the adultery, her own fortune to be returned. She shall likewise be permitted to see her son, whenever and wherever she thinks fit, for a given period, not exceeding one week at a time.

"2.—The jewels, plate, and furniture, purchased for Lady Frederic, to remain her's, on the same conditions.

"3.—Lady Frederic to forfeit fifteen thousand pounds, on the day of her second marriage.

"4.—Lady Frederic to reside entirely in the country; and not to approach the habitation of her son, whose visits to her must be in company with his tutor."

The hapless Eleanor had scarcely read the first line of the Earl's letter, ere she sunk senseless on the ground. Fortunately she was alone, when she perused it; and Constance, having taken a long walk, did not return till she had recovered, in a great measure, from her indisposition. She called no assistance; but pretending a violent head-ach, retired instantly to bed, where she began to ruminate at leisure, on the fatal misfortunes which were likely to result from her own imprudence. She saw in a moment, that protestations of innocence would avail nothing, while Lord Frederic's mind was poisoned against her, and she instantly resolved to make none; but with the dignity of conscious innocence, to repel the attack made upon her character, with silent contempt, and submit to her fate without a murmur.

To resign her son, was indeed dreadful. But armed with the power of a husband, she well knew resistance would be useless; and this also she resolved to bear without shrinking. As soon, therefore, as the gentle Constance had left her for the night, and she was secure from interruption, she arose from her bed, and folding up the Earl's letter, and the articles it contained, in a blank cover, she directed them back to him; and then sat down coolly to consider how she should address her husband. After writing several letters, which she destroyed as soon as written, she hastily seized a pen, and wrote as follows;—

"MY LORD,

"CONSCIOUS of my own innocence, I descend not to vindicate it. Your Lordship will, ere long, I doubt not, be convinced of it. In the mean time, I must submit to my unhappy destiny. Called upon to prove what never existed, what never could have existed, I complain not of the insult. I demand not even the justice of being heard in my own defence. Neither do I complain of the cruelty you design, in depriving me of my son: proudly will I bear the infliction you, my Lord, are preparing for me—proudly will I support myself, in the consciousness of my own rectitude; and as I suffer without desert, so will I suffer in silence.

"ELEANOR MONTAGUE."

The spirit which had dictated this letter half evaporated in the writing of it. With painful apprehension, Eleanor looked into futurity, and saw every hope of felicity annihilated; for though she felt it impossible that any process should be instituted against her, she saw in a moment, that her fair fame was the sacrifice of her imprudence. She saw that the heart of her husband was alienated from her. She saw that she had no means of proving her own innocence, but her simple assertion; for Wilson, who alone knew the circumstances of her conduct, was beyond the reach of her enquiry. Yet so strange are the

movements of the human heart, that she, who had been, before the receipt of the Earl's letter, overwhelmed with self-reproach, felt, in the magnitude of his accusation, a proud spirit of injury, which reconciled her to herself. The resentment which had dictated her letter to her husband, taught her to believe, that she was still necessary to his happiness, and that he must finally be convinced of the injustice he had done her.

To bear then her hard fate, in the dignity of silence—to part with her son, without shrinking from the trial, became the firm purpose of her soul—to breathe no hint of her deep, her bitter feelings, even to Constance—and to support her resolution, even at the risk of life itself. She half wished that her frame, unequal to the contest, might sink under it; and in animated colours, she painted to her imagination the regret which the termination of her existence would create in the bosom of her Lord, when he should know, that her last breath had confirmed that innocence, which he had insulted by suspicion.

That Eleanor miscalculated her own strength of mind, my readers will not be surprised to learn, nor that the cancerous wound rankled at her heart, was visibly pourtrayed in her pale and altered countenance. Her endeavours to conceal it were vain.

Constance, however, with a delicacy of feeling, peculiarly her own, forbore to make any remark upon the subject, conceiving, from the silence Eleanor observed towards her, that it arose from some domestic affliction; and though she often wondered what that affliction could

be, yet her own heart frequently informed her, that there are evils in life, which it is impossible to confide, even to the bosoms of those we most love.

The feeble frame of Eleanor, ill calculated for affliction, unused to struggle against it, and hitherto attentively shielded from the common calamities of life, sunk under the exertion of the severe self-denial which she had determined to exercise. A fever, of a most alarming nature, preyed upon her health and her strength, which the agitation of her mind irritated and encreased. And she lay many weeks on a sick bed, without any hopes being entertained of her restoration.

Constance, upon the first appearance of the malady, had written to the Earl of Fairwater, the address of Lord Frederic being unknown to her. But no notice had been taken of the letter: and how was she surprised and shocked, to be called from the apartment of the invalid, to attend a messenger from that nobleman, and to hear from the lips of that messenger, that he was furnished with authority to demand the person of the little Frederic, who was to set out the following day, accompanied by his nurse, for London.

"To suffer the infant now to be taken from my sister, is impossible," said Constance, indignantly. "Is it not enough, that her Lord condescended not to write since her illness? The child shall not go, I am determined!"

"The child must, young lady," said the man, with an air of respectful commiseration. "My Lord is armed with a husband's authori-

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ty: and I am commanded to let no one interfere between me and my duty. Lady Frederic knew the Earl's design; and he was induced to believe that she acquiesced in it."

Constance seemed to recollect herself. She remembered that Eleanor had several times, during the paroxysms of her disorder, talked as if her child was absent. She remembered also, that an increased anxiety for her infant's health, an increased fondness towards him, had preceded it; and she began to waver in her resolve.

The man, observing her indecision, continued—"My dear young lady, I am engaged, I confess, in a painful business. But I must go through with it. Resistance can avail nothing. You had better let me depart quietly, with the nurse and child, as nothing can prevent the fulfilment of Lord Frederic's orders. Reports will be noised abroad, and resistance will but widen the breach between your sister and her husband. As she is indisposed, she need not know that the child is gone, at least for the present. You may give out, that apprehensive for his safety, you have thought fit to remove him. At all events, to detain him against the consent of his father, may induce that father to institute a process against his Lady."

Constance, lost in astonishment, looked in agony at the speaker. She knew not what to think—the fearful, the mysterious silence of her sister was explained. Had she indeed forfeited her claim to respectability—had she dishonoured herself, her husband, her family? she could not believe it possible. An enquiry trembled

upon her tongue; but that tongue refused to give utterance to so horrible a suggestion. She still continued silent.

The man concluded—"I was ordered not to enforce my demand, by calling in the assistance of the law, until every art of persuasion was vain. But in case of resistance, I am commanded to apply to the nearest magistrate. Yet I would willingly avoid the publicity of such a measure."

"The child," groaned the half-suffocated Constance, "the child and his nurse shall attend you to-morrow. Yet you must inform your employers, that my indignation at the cruelty of their conduct admits of no terms for expressing it—no language is strong enough to convey to them my detestation. My dear Eleanor is happy in having escaped their vengeance. Poor, poor child!—poor unfortunate mother! I will stake my life upon the conduct of my sister—she cannot have deserved this cruelty."

The man, desiring that the child and nurse might be ready early in the morning, and having made many apologies for the unpleasant office duty he was called to perform, departed. Constance retired, to prepare the nurse for what seemed inevitable, and to frame an excuse, which should satisfy the domestics for the departure of the infant; and having finally arranged this business, and hung over the hapless babe, so soon to lose the endearing tenderness of a fond mother, she returned to the apartment of Eleanor, almost broken-hearted.

CHAP. XI.

There are many more shining qualities of the mind, but there is none so useful as discretion. It is this, indeed, which gives value to all the rest.

Discretion is the perfection of reason, and a guide to us, in all the duties of life.

SPECTATOR.

THE conduct of the unfortunate Eleanor had been long the theme of conversation, amongst the fashionable circles about town: nor did her absence from the scene of action decrease the observations made upon it.

The inuendos of Colonel Rosalie lost not their effect. He had always a self-satisfied smile ready, when the name of Eleanor was introduced. He always spoke of her in the highest terms; and failed not, on every occasion, to insinuate, that his abrupt dismission from her habitation was the consequence of some unhappy misconstruction.—"To be sure," he would continue, "Lady Frederic is young—totally ignorant of the world—fond of gaming—rather vain of her personal charms—fond of admiration. But these are excusable faults, in a woman so young and lovely. Yet she is assuredly strictly virtuous, at least I believe her so."

"Yet your interest in that quarter has been suspected, Colonel," replied a lady of rather doubtful character.

"Mere suspicions, without foundation, Madam," replied he. "I unfortunately have the reputation of a man of gallantry. I frequently visited her. She was a delightful companion for a *tete-a-tete*; and as she condescended to allow my visits, I must have been more than man to have declined them."

"But what could be the subjects of these *tete-a-tetes*, Colonel?" asked the lady.

"Female reputation is a plant of such delicate growth," retorted the Colonel, "that you must be well aware, my dear Mrs. Languish, that an idle accidental breath may injure it; and that very familiarity which, in the innocence of her heart, Lady Frederic bestowed upon me, may, and I dare say has been, imputed to her as error. Even my visits to you have, you know, been often commented upon; and I assure you, the purity of Lady Frederic is not less certain than your own, at least as far as I am concerned."

Mrs. Languish smiled significantly; and the very next opportunity she had for disclosing her opinion, declared that she really believed every thing which had been said of Lady Frederic to be perfectly true.—"To be sure," cried she, "a man of gallantry must defend the reputation of a fair lady; but it is easy to see, by the Colonel's looks, how the matter stands. Depend upon it, his sudden dismission from her house was all a scheme between them, to lull the Argus eyes of suspicion."

The Earl of Fairwater had lost no time in communicating the reports of Eleanor's conduct, which daily gained currency, to his son; who, distracted by doubts, wounded in spirit, and rendered miserable, by that very union which he had looked forward to as the completion of his happiness, scarcely knew what steps to take, in daily hopes of being recalled to his native land. He, however, forbore to write to Eleanor, determining to be guided in his future conduct towards her, by the circumstances which should tend to corroborate either her innocence or guilt. How then was he astonished, on his arrival in town, to learn that she avoided his presence! and though she had received information of his return, still continued at Landrenden, making no effort to remove the prejudices which existed in his mind against her.

Her absence was imputed by the Earl to a consciousness of guilt; and believing that his father had weighed well every argument in Eleanor's favour, convinced of the respect that father had once entertained for her, Lord Frederic resigned himself entirely to the Earl's guidance, and suffered him to propose to her articles of separation. These articles, however, he saw not. Fond, tender affection forbade the perusal of them; nor knew he how, or in what spirit they had been dictated. Eleanor's proud answer to them, refusing every attempt at explanation, or reconciliation, was looked upon by him as a confirmation of her guilt, as the proud determination of resisting censure, which, though conscious of deserving, she had determined not to bear. Yet, notwithstanding this,

it was his wish to see her. It was his wish, by gentleness and kindness, to convince her of her errors. His attachment to her was undiminished, and his heart felt the most lively pity for the distress he was thus obliged to inflict. He even wished to bury her misconduct in silence, and by suffering her to retain his name, and live under the protection of his roof, guard her from more glaring indiscretions. But the Earl, who saw the affections of his son still clinging to this beloved object, who dreaded the power that object still possessed over the heart of Lord Frederic, strenuously opposed this wish; and Lord Frederic, half doubting his own resolution, wishing to find Eleanor innocent, yet not daring himself to investigate her conduct, consented to be ruled by the Earl.

The letter addressed by Constance to that nobleman, informing him of the illness of her sister, was deemed by him an engine intended to excite his son's sympathy, induce him to visit Landrenden, and restore Eleanor to his favour. That all these purposes might be effected by it, if he suffered Lord Frederic to see it, the Earl had no doubt.

Half inclined to believe his wife innocent, because passionately attached to her, and ardently wishing it, Lord Frederic was not calculated to judge dispassionately. The heart frequently, in spite of the understanding, is apt to say too little, or too much. The Earl, as he thought wisely, therefore, put the paper into his pocket; left the recovery of Eleanor to chance, determining, that his son should, if possible, hear no more of a wretch, who had tarnished the

heretofore unsullied name of a noble and illustrious family. He sent immediately for his grandson; nor had he the slightest idea, that in so doing, he departed from the strict line of impartiality and justice. He fancied, that the severity he thus exercised, was a debt due to the noble race from which he sprung—it was a severity he would have exercised on his own daughter, had she been similarly circumstanced; and he felt perfectly satisfied with himself.

But when he heard from the Caledonian nurse, that Eleanor was really ill, confined to her bed, and that little hopes were entertained of her recovery, he half wished that he had acted differently. Pride, however, here stepped in to console him. Her death would leave his son once more at liberty, without bringing the matter to a public investigation. The imprudencies she had been guilty of, would be soon forgotten. Her fortune would aggrandize the Earldom, and a new alliance increase the prosperity of his family; and the Earl began sagaciously to look round him, in pursuit of an object, who would enable him to realize these plans. Not so his son. To him life was become a cheerless void. Eleanor, his beloved Eleanor, the wife of his bosom, the mother of his infant, she, to whom he had looked up for all the sweet hopes of domestic comfort, and the soft sympathies of affection, she, even she, had betrayed, deceived, and forsaken him. A painful degree of humiliation was attached to his situation. He felt himself, as it were, alone in the vast creation. All hope seemed destroyed in his bosom; every active energy of his nature

subdued. He hung over his hapless infant, in wild and frenzied agony, refusing all consolation. He found it impossible to submit to the restrictions of society; and leaving the magnificent mansion of his father, he shut himself up in a retired lodging, a few miles from the metropolis, where, entirely his own master, he wandered over the circumjacent country, indulging the melancholy feelings which oppressed him. The Earl made several ineffectual efforts to withdraw his son from this retirement and induce him to return to his own house. But at length wearied with opposing him, he suffered him to follow his own inclinations, hoping that time would meliorate this acute sensibility. Turning to his grandson for consolation, he began to frame plans for his future education, determining to model his character on the same mould, which had been so fortunately exemplified in a certain great statesman.

The termination of Eleanor's illness, by death, which was soon after announced to him by Constance, for a time dissolved these airy castles, and turned his thoughts once more to his son, whose extreme attachment to his wife rendered him apprehensive of some fatal event. The concealment of Constance's first letter, which would have prepared his son for what had followed, lay like a weight upon his conscience. He felt that his severity might have heightened the distemper of Eleanor; and he trembled to think how unprepared his son was, to meet the information he had now to give him. But these feelings speedily gave way, as he contemplated, in imagination, the advantages

which were likely to accrue to his family, from this change of circumstances: and while he attended his son, who, on the first information of this misfortune, had been seized with a fever, he gave directions for the interment of Eleanor, which he ordered to be as private as possible, in the village church of Landrenden; and then indulged the visions of hope, projected fresh scenes of future grandeur, which that beloved son was destined never to accomplish. Youth, and a good constitution, however, at length restored that son to his arms; and restored Lord Frederic also to that manly dignity of character, which the failure of his fondest hopes had in great part subdued. As his tears flowed freely over the recollection of past happiness—as he wept over the memory of an object still too tenderly beloved, he rejoiced that no public act on his part had embittered her last moments, or consigned that memory to infamy. The proud spirit of Eleanor rose afresh to his imagination, and he sighed, as he reflected, how terrible were the mortifications she must have sustained. Death seemed to draw a veil over all that was blamable in her past conduct; and the justice of an injured husband slept in the feelings of the man. He remembered her, such as she once was, lovely, innocent, and virtuous—he remembered that he had been the choice of her youthful heart, and he felt relieved from an intolerable load of anguish, which the idea of repudiating her had created.

The activity of his mind returned. He felt the necessity of action and exertion; and volunteering his services on an expedition, then

ready at Falmouth, destined, as was supposed, to the southern part of America, he bade adieu to his family, and his native land, and sailed in one of the transports hired for that service.

CHAP. XII.

In struggling with misfortune,
Lies the true proof of virtue.

SHAKESPEARE.

No terror to my view,
No frightful face of danger can be new,
Inur'd to suffer, and resolv'd to dare.

DRYDEN.

I SHALL not enter into the particulars of this voyage. The dull routine of longitude and latitude, has always been my aversion; neither shall I expatiate on the failure of an expedition, for which the commanders have been cited before the tribunal of their country. I am no politician, neither is it the business of a novel-writer, to relate "feats of broils and battles," farther than the subjects of his memoirs, heroes, or heroines, are engaged in them. I shall therefore confine myself particularly to the occurrences which befell Lord Frederic, and those with whom the chances of war linked and associated him.

He had not been many days at sea, ere a sickness, so violent as nearly to endanger his

life, confined him to his bed, and obliged him to have recourse to medical assistance. Happily, bodily indisposition entirely obliterated, for a time, the mental misery he had so long laboured under. Present suffering prevented the recollection of past sorrows, and deprived him of the power of anticipating future misery. And this is one of the merciful dispensations of the Father of all mercy. Thus he has formed the connecting liks, which bind the immortal spirit to a mortal frame. The body depends for health and strength, in a great measure, on the regulation of the passions, and the equality of the temper. Excessive grief, immoderate anger, dissipated indulgence, alike enervate and depress the faculties of both, till the animal frame seems to sink under the struggle; and calling for an undivided attention, banishes the primary malady of its immortal associate, and heals the wounds of the spirit, by abstracting the memory from them.

Stretched on the bed of sickness, with little attention, and less commiseration, from those who surrounded him, Lord Frederic seemed involved in a perfect solitude, if that could be called solitude, which was momentarily interrupted by the deafening bustle of maritime business; the loud laugh of riotous mirth, which assailed him from the mess-room, and the scraping of a fiddle, which formed the almost constant occupation of one of the officers, who made up, by a passionate admiration of soft sounds, at least to himself, for the want of skill with which he was not gifted, and who had determined, previously to his embarkation, to be-

come quite a master of music, during the long voyage to which he was destined. The voyage, however, concluded, Lieutenant Wilson scraped himself to the end of it, wore out all his own fiddlestrings, and all the patience of his companions, without gaining a jot more of that scientific knowledge, his heart so much panted after.

A faithful Welch servant, whom Lord Frederic had engaged, during the period of his residence at Landrenden, and had designed to make the partner of his voyage, had unfortunately fallen sick at Falmouth; and his master, with the humanity natural to his character, having consigned him to the care of a gentleman, with whom he was well acquainted, sought not to replace him, till indisposition forced on his recollection the necessity he had for such an assistant; and as, in an interval from pain, he lay dwelling upon the urgency of his case, in this respect, a voice, "sweet as the shepherd's pipe upon the mountain," softly demanded, if the sick gentleman would not please to take a little nice broth?

Lord Frederic started. The voice vibrated on every chord of his sick heart. He looked earnestly at the speaker, who was a poor black boy, he had seen several times, waiting on the master of the transport. The gentle tone of his voice, the modest bend of his slender form, the look of earnest supplication, could not be resisted. Lord Frederic accepted the proffered kindness: and as he gazed on the speaking and intelligent features of the boy, who appeared scarcely seventeen, as he saw the pensive me-

lancholy which marked them, he became convinced, in a moment, that he had not been born in his present situation, and that he must consequently be uneasy in it. A benevolent mind is seldom satisfied with itself, after having made an observation of this sort, without making some endeavour to be useful; and as Lord Frederic partook of the refreshment, thus presented to him, he turned to the boy, and perceiving his eyes full of tears, said—"If I mistake not, my good fellow, you have been used to a better employment."

"I have been accustomed to no employment at all, Sir," said the boy: "and perhaps, that is the reason I feel my present situation so hard. But the poor must work: and the master of this vessel having taken compassion upon my destitute state, complied with my entreaties, and kindly suffered me, for a small sum, to take a passage in his vessel."

"And where do you then think he is bound?"

"I don't know; but I hope to get by his means nearer to my native land, and there, I may chance to find an opportunity of getting home; and though I have never been in Jamaica, since I was three years old, yet there my father had many friends; and some of them may have pity upon me. In your country, Sir, my black face was no recommendation."

"But if you could get a friend, one who would use you kindly, who would supply your wants, would you then wish to go to Jamaica?"

"No, Sir, for I have no near relations; but I have little hope of being so fortunate. No one upon earth seems to care for me, since my fa-

ther died, and I want some one to love me. My face, Sir, is black; but my heart is the same colour as your's, Sir; my name is Cary Redbrook. I was going to my own country, when my father died, yes, he died in the vessel, which was bringing him home, and then all my happiness perished; for the master of the school where I was placed, grew very unkind; my schoolfellows followed his example; and I was every day told, that I was not to presume to talk to gentlemens' children, who was only a black boy, a bastard, and kept upon charity; so, Sir, I could not bear it, and ran away."

"Will you undertake the office of nursing me." asked Lord Frederic, "if I speak to the captain to spare you to me? I think you will not lose by the change."

"Will I!" cried the boy, with sparkling eyes, "will I! Oh, Sir, if you will only promise to love me, I will do any thing, for indeed it is dreadful to belong to nobody."

"Send the captain to me, and I will talk to him."

The delighted Cary ran off. In a few minutes, however, he returned, and the master of the vessel with him; and in a short time, every preliminary was settled: the master appeared to be pleased, at thus ridding himself of a burden; and Lord Frederic was happy, in having procured an attendant; while the delighted boy entered with alacrity on his new occupations.

Whether it was owing to the indefatigable zeal of Cary, or whether the malady had already exhausted its force, I know not. Certain,

however, it is, that Lord Frederic seemed to mend from this period: and as his strength increased, his attachment to his youthful nurse seemed to increase with it. The generosity of his own heart made him feel fully the unprotected and unfortunate situation of the boy; and dismissing every idea of employing him in the servile capacity to which he had voluntarily descended, he procured for him a comfortable situation near himself, and conversed with him, in all the open familiarity of an equal; and the boy, dismissing by degrees, the restraint which the rank of his protector seemed to impose on him, soon learned to deliver his sentiments, with the most charming simplicity and freedom.

The observations of Cary Redbrook, who possessed a good natural understanding, his knowledge of the French and Italian languages, and a thousand little circumstances, confirmed the truth of his tale of misfortune; and the want of occupation induced Lord Frederic to devote many hours, every day, to the improvement of those talents nature had so liberally bestowed. Yet often, while thus employed, did the gentle voice of Cary, which had first awakened his interest, cause the tear of silent agony to steal down his manly cheek. Its tones so tender, so much like the tones of his once-loved Eleanor, waked the dormant memory of past endearments; and he would gaze on the unconscious speaker, till imagination half decked him in feminine beauty; and fancy could trace a resemblance between his dark countenance, and that so fondly treasured in his bosom. Had

Eleanor been still alive, never, never would he have beheld her again—never should her name have escaped his lips; but now that she was no more—now that death had for ever veiled her from his sight, all resentment at past injuries was effaced from his memory: and even this fancied resemblance to her, seemed a new link to bind Cary to his affections.

Cary one day remarked his emotion, and enquired its cause—"You seem, my Lord," said he, timidly, "to be studying my heart, in my countenance. Pray tell me what you read in it?"

"A fancied resemblance," replied he, "to a friend once tenderly beloved—a friend now consigned to the cold tomb. Your voice is a counterpart of her's."

Cary was confused—he hesitated a moment, and then said—"If that resemblance, my Lord, can increase your regard for me—if it add to the unmerited kindness you have shewn me—if it can give you any additional prospects of my eternal gratitude, then, then, I hope it will never be absent from your memory. But if there be on earth, my Lord, any mode, by which I might unknowingly forfeit your regard and esteem, oh! teach me to avoid it; for desolate indeed is that being, on whom kindness and affection never beamed; and harder still his fate, who having once felt, is condemned to lose them."

"That voice again!" cried Lord Frederic, "that voice again! Speak not so earnestly Cary, and believe me, you can be in no danger of forfeiting my esteem, while deserving of it."

"Oh, my Lord!" exclaimed Cary, passionately, "it is not impossible to forfeit esteem. But it is impossible that I can ever deserve to forfeit your's. Yet tell me, my good Lord, have you never experienced a coolness in friendship, from trivial and unimportant circumstances?—Have you yourself never condemned a friend, without hearing his exculpation? Faults are frequently imputed to people, from outward appearances only, when the heart has been clear from actual stain, or intentional injury."

"We will not discuss this point, my young friend," replied Lord Frederic, with some emotion. "We are, I hope, in no danger of falling out."

"But will you promise me, my Lord, never to discard me from your service—from your kindness? For any imputed failure, will you always hear my defence from my own lips?"

"Any one would infer from your conversation, Cary," replied his lordship, "either that you know me to be of a fickle, uncertain temper, or that you had pre-determined to try my forbearance, by your conduct."

"And yet, my Lord, the inference would be very erroneous; for I think, if I may judge by your countenance, that your temper is quite the contrary; nay, your manners lead me to suppose, that you generally call judgment to your aid, ere you form the smallest attachments. All then that I have to fear, is, lest that judgment should be against me. I am conscious of my own feelings. I am young, inexperienced, and indiscreet—Do not then, my Lord," con-

tinued he, with earnestness, " mistake indiscretion for guilt; nor impute the faults of a volatile imagination, lively spirits, and a giddy head, to a heart formed for the most fervent and lasting gratitude—a heart incapable of baseness—a heart whose first wish will ever be, to requite the kindness of its benefactor."

" It astonishes me, child, to hear you talk in this manner," said Lord Frederic, falling into a fit of musing. " But my head aches; I am unfit for conversation."

CHAP. XIII.

In peace, love tunes the shepherd's reed;
In war, he mounts the warrior's steed;
In halls in gay attire is seen;
In hamlets dances on the green.
Love rules the court, the camp, the grove,
And men below, and saints above;
For love is Heav'n, and Heav'n is love.

LAY OF LAST MINSTREL.

THE melancholy which was plainly discernible in the countenance of Lord Frederic, formed an unceasing theme for the contemplation of his youthful *protegée*. His curiosity, or some other potent infatuation, led him continually to the discussion of subjects, which touched on the secret string of all his protector's miseries: and though he marked the emotion which these conversations never failed to produce, though he felt himself often repulsed, whenever he was prompted to enquire respecting the misfortunes which he appeared certain that protector had sustained, he still continued to harrow up his feelings, and every day returned to the charge, with a degree of fresh vigour, which seemed resolved on success; and while his curiosity

was unsatisfied, his mode of enquiry, the affectionate tone of his voice, and a certain fascination of manner, made it impossible for Lord Frederic to resent that which appeared intended, in the fulness of attachment, to alleviate his affliction.

"What do you think, my Lord, of the character of Posthumus Leonatus?" said Cary, one day, laying down a volume of Shakespeare, which he had borrowed of one of the officers. "Is it natural—is it probable, that any man, on such evidence, would condemn the wife of his bosom, such a woman too, as Imogene, without first seeing her, and upbraiding her with her infidelity?"

Lord Frederic changed colour—his whole frame became agitated. Cary repeated the question. Lieutenant Wilson was the only person left in the mess-room, except Cary and Lord Frederic, and earnestly engaged with his Cremona, he attended not to what was passing.

"I believe—I think not—I don't know—I have never thought upon the subject, answered Lord Frederic—inwardly making the reflection, "I have condemned my own Eleanor, upon less suspicious circumstances."

"The character of Imogene is charming, is it not, my Lord?" asked Cary. "Do you not think, that an affection like her's ought to have been rewarded better?"

"I believe—I think it was rewarded," replied he. "Does not the play end happily?"

"It does, my Lord. The unjust husband was convinced; but could the wife forget his cruel design upon her life? I am sure, you

must think as I do—I am sure, you would not have parted with the wife of your bosom, without——"

"Without what, Cary?" exclaimed his Lordship, interrupting him hastily. "You talk incessantly—you forget that the tale is a poetic fiction; and you reason on the subject, as if every incident was matter of fact."

Cary, perceiving that he was offended, turned to Mr. Wilson, and asked if he could play the dirge in Cymbeline? The Lieutenant attempted it, but failed in the first line.

"Now you have given me the air," cried Cary, "I remember it perfectly. I used to hear it. We had an excellent hand-organ at the school where I was educated; only let me try if I can sing it. Come, play the first part over again."

"Take the fiddle yourself," cried Wilson; "but mind, boy, you don't put it out of tune."

"I can't play the fiddle; you might as well ask a woman to touch your Cremona: here, take it back; I tell you, I cannot play."

"But you can sing, Cary, I suppose, by the stress you seem to place on the word play," said Lord Frederic, endeavouring to recover his self-possession.

"I was once told," answered Cary, "that I could gain a handsome fortune by going on the stage; but my black face is always in my way. I could have acted in a mask, indeed: but then to be always in disguise, is hateful."

"Come, come, boy, no more talking," cried Wilson; "don't you know that I am all this time dying with impatience to hear you sing?

don't you know, that 'Music has charms to soothe a savage breast, to bend the knotted oak, and soften rocks?"

"Are you a savage?" asked Cary, archly.

"Will you sing, or not, boy?" repeated Wilson.

"I will," cried Cary; "for I like to hear my own voice; and if I must not talk, why I may as well sing; and as you are a soldier, Mr. Wilson, in compliment to you, I will sing, 'Here's a health to those far away."

Cary then turned his face from his auditors, and began the song. Wilson was in raptures; while the trembling boy, with all the pathos of genuine feeling, and a voice exquisitely harmonious, yet powerfully strong, sung that truly elegant composition; but at its conclusion, as if unable to bear the feelings it excited, he covered his tearful face with both hands, and rushed out of their presence.

Lord Frederic, lost in astonishment, heard not the raptures of Wilson; there was something in the air—in the manner—in the countenance of Cary, beyond expression—it was agony; and Lord Frederic vainly sought to comprehend its source. He began to doubt the truth of the story told him by Cary: and he determined to take the first opportunity of sifting him, as to every incident of his past life; but here, Cary had evidently the advantage of his Lordship; for with an acuteness beyond his years, the boy had confidently traced the secret mental malady of his protector; and whenever his Lordship began any particular conversation, he had only to introduce some observations,

suited to that malady, to throw the enquirer off his guard, and by working up memory and recollection, raise a tumult in his Lordship's mind, which deprived him for a time of the power of discrimination and enquiry.

Previous, however, to the debarkation of the troops, Lord Frederic called Cary to him, in the presence of the master of the transport, and giving him a sealed paper, spoke to him as follows :—" You will take care of these papers, Cary; if any accident should happen to me, they may be of service to you; if I live, they will not be necessary. Mr. Sterling, you will remember what I now state to you; in these papers, I have made ample provision for this boy, under the name of Cary Redbrook, and you will identify this boy to be the person I mean to benefit, should this name be fictitious, as I have great reason to suppose. You may look astonished, Cary, but I am really serious. You have, no doubt, a motive for disguise, perfectly innocent; but let me assure you, whatever the motive may be, the action is improper, and not to be justified. If I survive the dangers of the service we are engaged in, and return to you, in health and safety, I shall expect—I shall demand from you, a true and circumstantial account of your past life."

Mr. Sterling looked at Cary with a doubtful meaning. Cary was abashed, and for some moments appeared unable to answer; but after an apparent struggle, he exclaimed—" It was impossible, my Lord, to repose a confidence in you, to which I have never before been invited; my conduct may wear an appearance

of mystery, but all that is obscure in it will certainly, one day or other, be developed. In the mean time, though I acknowledge that I have deceived you, I declare, that the deception could not be avoided—it was necessary to my happiness—it was necessary even to existence itself; the same concealment must still be supported. I cannot, I dare not, at present, depart from it, even though it should deprive me of your confidence and protection. That confidence," continued Cary, weeping, "that protection, are my sole happiness—all that is now left me in a desolate world. Spare me, my Lord, for God's sake, spare me. You know not what you ask: if the veil is withdrawn now, fatal may be the effect it will produce; I shall not suffer alone: if you have any mercy—any compassion in your nature, ask not to know what I would now die rather than reveal; a time may come, when all reserve—all mystery will be at an end; till then, I am resolutely determined to preserve my own secret."

Lord Frederic was moved—he took the hand of Cary—he gazed in his face for a moment without speaking. Cary's eyes sunk beneath his penetrating glance; he covered his face with both hands, and sobbed audibly.

"The moment of explanation may then never arrive, Cary," said Lord Frederic.—"I may not live to behold you again."

Cary seemed convulsed with emotion—he fell at the feet of his benefactor—he caught his hands, and eagerly clasped them to his bosom. A silence of many moments succeeded, which was at length broken by Lord Frederic.

"Then you refuse me your confidence, Cary?" said his Lordship.

"I have refused nothing to my benefactor," answered Cary, "which could in the slightest degree, have added to his happiness; but if you are fated to survive this debarkation—if you return to me in safety, then, my Lord, I will, if you insist upon it, reveal myself to you, even if the discovery should impose on me the necessity of quitting you for ever."

"Then you are certain, Cary, that your history must contain something which should induce me to withdraw my esteem from you?"

"Quite the contrary, my Lord; for I hope, that my history will impress on your Lordship's mind the most perfect conviction, that you have not bestowed your esteem on one unworthy of it—I hope it will be the cement of a lasting friendship between us, and convince you, that equality of sentiment and education can form the heart of a poor negro to deserve esteem and affection."

A sort of hesitation and confusion seemed to pass over the dark features of Cary, as he concluded this sentence: and the conversation then dropped.

And now, gentle reader, we will go back to Landrenden, and see what had been passing there, since we last left it.

CHAP. XIV.

Where is the troubled heart, condemn'd to share
Tumultuous toils, and solitary care,
Unbless'd by visionary thoughts, that stray,
To count the joys of fortune's distant day?

PLEASURES OF HOPE.

WE left Constance engaged in the mournful duty of watching over the sickbed of an o· and beloved sister, in agony anticipating dreadful consequences which might follow l— discovery of the deprivation she had sustained in the loss of her child; yet unable to frame any plan for the detention of the infant, and almost incapable of thinking deliberately on the subject; shocked at the idea of the disgrace which seemed to hover over that beloved sister, and tremblingly alive to the fear of some desperate effort, on the part of Eleanor, when the circumstances of the case should become known to her. In this awful moment, when death seemed to grasp his frail victim, and suspended animat[illegible] seemed to speak the last eventful mo-

ment of mortal suffering, before the bed, on which rested her nearest and dearest relative, she sunk upon her knees, imploring strength from that Almighty Being, who had thus thought fit to afflict her, beseeching him to withdraw his chastening arm, or support her to bear those inflictions without repining; and that she might avoid all unnecessary emotion, and by this means, reserve her fortitude for the calls likely to be made upon it, she determined not to trust herself again in the presence of the child, but attending solely to Eleanor, exert every effort to save and restore her.

The night was far advanced—the invalid seemed scarcely to breathe—a solemn silence reigned around: unable to gaze on those altered and emaciated features, which had so lately bloomed in all the graces of youth, health, and beauty, she leaned over the back of her chair, stifled her rising sobs, and watched the dark revolving clouds, which appeared slowly breaking into light. Memory pictured to her view happy scenes of infancy, when the glowing tenderness of Eleanor had formed her sole felicity; when her delighted father had hung in parental tenderness over his united children, and had blessed that perfect concordance which reigned between them, with the unadulterated smile of satisfaction; that union of affection was now about to be broken for ever. She lifted up her heart in gratitude to the Divine Dispenser of all things, that he had mercifully spared her father the misery she then suffered—she recollected his high sense of honour—his strict ideas of female propriety, and she could not but ac-

knowledge, that the event, which she had mourned only a few months before, as the most unfortunate of her life, was become now a chief source of consolation.

" The wisdom of my Almighty Father," cried she, mentally, " is unfathomable—his ways past finding out—in mercy his dispensations are founded. Let me not dare to repine at his will. The morning will reopen upon night, and the night of darkness and death will be followed by a glorious immortality. What then are all the changes and chances of this sublunary state? Our trials may endure for a time—' Sweet are the uses of adversity.' Yes, my sister, my father, we shall meet again in the regions of eternity—we shall meet again. Oh! my God, in thy mercy, receive our frail spirits."

A soft sigh seemed at this moment to swell the bosom of Eleanor. Constance stole softly to the bedside—she opened the curtain; the faint dawning of the morn played upon the countenance of her sister. She breathed, as if in a sweet sleep. Constance feared to move, and kneeling down by the bedside, she continued her devout aspirations. The sleep of Eleanor was unbroken, when the sound of footsteps in the house, and a sort of bustle, informed Constance that the confidential emissary of the Earl was about to perform his mission. She stepped softly to the window, and saw the Caledonian nurse cross the Castle-court, with her infant charge. A convulsive shudder seized her. Her eyes strained to take a last look of the babe. The envious door closed, and she saw him no more.

Eleanor still slept, and Constance once more resumed her station at the bedside. The morning was extremely fine. Its cheering influence seemed to extend to the sick heart of Constance. She breathed more freely. The feverish symptoms of Eleanor appeared to have abated: and in a few moments she opened her eyes.

"Have you not been in bed, my Constance," asked she, "all night? You will hurt yourself."

"How do you feel this morning?" demanded Constance, without answering her question.

"Oh! I have had a sweet dream, my sister," replied Eleanor; "a dream, such as I was wont to have, when all was gay about me. You have no reason to fear, my love: send the old nurse to me, and go to bed. I shall recover now, I know I shall; and all may be well."

Constance burst into tears.

"Do not cry, my love," said Eleanor. "You see I do not. No, I am strong in hope. Go to bed. Hereafter I will tell you a long, long story; but now I am unequal to the task. Does my husband know I have been so very ill?"

"I believe not," replied Constance. "We have not heard from him since his return."

"Then, I dare say, he does not know it," said Eleanor; "for he is the kindest of human beings: and nothing would have prevented him from coming, had he known my situation. That I have offended him——"

"You must not talk," said Constance, interrupting her, "and as you appear so much better, I will send the nurse to you. But, dear Eleanor, as you love me, do not talk and ex-

haust yourself." And then gently kissing her cheek, she departed; and having cautioned the nurse to say nothing of the child, she saw her quietly seated by the sickbed of her sister, and then retired to her own bed, where she soon sunk into that repose, which her delicate health and recent fatigue so much required.

From this period, Eleanor continued rapidly to mend, and at the end of a week, she was able to quit her bed. Constance, during this time, evaded her enquiries respecting her child. But Eleanor was not deceived by her evasion, though she pretended to be so. She read, in the speaking countenance of her sister, the whole truth; and supported her fortitude, under the confirmation of her surmises, by the cheering hope, which still hung about her heart, that her innocence would one day or other be finally established, and her union with h[illegible] be the more perfect, for the temporary [illegible] sion it had sustained.

"Yes," cried she, mentally, "I will support my fortitude. I will seek no redress—I will utter no complaint—I will take a noble, generous revenge. I will, if possible, overwhelm my husband with obligation; prove my everlasting, my unalterable attachment to him; and then, if my innocence cannot fully be proved, quit, quit him for ever."

The first step towards the project which laboured in the bosom of Eleanor, was by far the most difficult. She felt it to be so; yet she resolved to surmount every obstacle. She flattered herself, that Constance might be induced to forward her designs, and she determined to

sound her, the first convenient opportunity. That opportunity soon offered; for Constance, finding her sister's strength daily increasing, proposed to her that she should quit her apartment. Eleanor looked at her a moment in silence: then rising from her seat, she clasped both hands, and exclaimed—"Never, never will I quit this room, till you, my sister, comply with the request I am now about to make you." She took up a small writing-case, which stood in one corner of the window, and placing it on the table before Constance, continued—"This writing-desk, my Constance, contains articles of separation between myself and Lord Frederic. I have been accused—I have been condemned, unheard. Oh my God! do I live to relate it! I have been condemned as an adul-ress!"

nce turned pale—"Eleanor, my own " cried she, "speak calmly—you ter- —you hurt yourself."

Eleanor fixed her eyes on the countenance of sister.—"Do I look like an adulteress?— guilt written on my features? Oh! my sis- my friend, my Constance, believe it not. ve been foolish, vain, inconsiderate, and —. But, I thank my God, I know not guilt. look here—read this paper, and see how Earl writes—how he insults me! That I ve borne all with patience, is, because I am proud to speak that which I am unable to ove. From the most undeniable evidence, ereafter, my sister, I may be able to do so. lereafter I will force the Earl to acknowledge, that he has been unjust."

"You have lost yourself, Eleanor," said Constance, mildly. "What has the Earl's conduct to do with your health? recover that perfectly, and then we will converse upon other topics."

"Now, now is the time, Constance, for action. I am dead to the world—dead to my innocent infant—dead to my husband. He has authorized the insult of his father. But I defy them to prove that which has never existed. My virtue, Constance, is untarnished. But the foul breath of blighting calumny has wounded my fair fame, and without hearing my justification—without so much as writing to me, Lord Frederic has abandoned me. I have formed my determination. It now only rests with you to assist me in the execution of it."

"Oh, Eleanor! what is it you intend? Heaven knows, I would resign my life, to render you happy. But I tremble to think, I fear, all this emotion must portend something dreadful. Do, do, my sister, reflect coolly, before you decide."

"I have reflected, I have decided—you, you alone, Constance, must determine whether I shall put that decision into execution. Oh, my sister! let me entreat—let me implore you to assist me. All my hopes of happiness depend upon you—promise, promise, Constance, to assist me."

The terrified Constance, scarcely knowing what she did, threw her arms round the neck of Eleanor, in vain entreating her to be calm. Eleanor, however, heard her not. In breathless agony, she disengaged herself from the en-

circling arms of her sister, and with clasped hands and streaming eyes, she sunk upon her knees before her.

"If you wish to render me happy, Constance," cried she—"if you will not destroy all my prospects for ever—if you do not desire to see me expire before your feet, promise, promise, I conjure you, promise to comply with what I now ask. I, who have never before supplicated human being, now throw myself at your feet, and kneeling, implore life and happiness from you. It is in your power to restore to me the affection of my husband, the consoling smiles of my little one. It is you alone, who can restore to me my lost happiness and fame."

Constance dropped upon her knees beside Eleanor, and while tears streamed unconsciously down her cheek, she folded her arms round her, and exclaimed. "There is no sacrifice, my beloved Eleanor, I will not make, to restore your tranquility. Fortune, even life itself, shall not be put in competition with your happiness. That perfect union, which has from childhood subsisted between us, death alone shall dissolve. That you are guilty, my sister, I cannot, I will not believe possible; my own heart acquits you. Eleanor, dear Eleanor, be calm—I am satisfied of your innocence."

Eleanor kissed the wet cheek of her sister; and returning her embrace, wept for some time in silence on her bosom; when struggling to attain fortitude, she took the hand of Constance; and having seated her on a chair, and placed herself by her, she began a circumstantial nar-

ration of all that had passed since they last separated, often interspersing her history with remarks on her own imprudence, and often bestowing an eulogium on the conduct of her husband, while tears of anguish frequently dimmed her eyes, and stifled sobs prevented articulation.

CHAP. XV.

A base revenge, is vengeance on myself.

DRYDEN.

WITH every faculty engrossed by attention, Constance heard the narration of her sister; and when she had concluded, again pressed her in silence to her bosom. Eleanor clasped her hand affectionately, and thus proceeded —"The absence of Wilson, my incapacity to trace her retreat, you may perceive, my sister, renders me unable to bring any proof of my innocence, beyond my own simple asseveration. I have, therefore, been entirely silent. I know, that however the Earl may talk, he has no ground to act upon; so far, then, all is well. Yet it is not my design to seek a reconciliation with my husband—no, while one doubt remains upon his mind—till my fair fame is cleared from every stain, I am resolved never to seek it. Yet I still wish to keep alive in his bosom, the re-

mains of an affection, which, but for my own imprudence, might have made me so eminently happy. I wish to watch over him, and prevent his forming a second attachment. I wish to change his feelings toward me: and I have determined to make him believe that I am dead."

"How wild, how romantic, is this determination, Eleanor!" said Constance. "How more than difficult—how impossible, will be the execution of it!"

"Wild and romantic, I grant you, but not impossible," answered Eleanor, calmly. "Neither the Earl nor Lord Frederic, will make any enquiries. The first will rejoice to get rid of one who stood in the way of his son's happiness. The other will feel too acutely to investigate the fact. And the world has already forgotten me. I have been dead to that, full six months."

"But, dear Eleanor, recollect what a train of deceit you will involve us both in. How can your residence here be concealed?"

"The moment I am able to leave you, I shall go to London," answered Eleanor, "wash my face in walnut-juice; dress myself in boys clothes; and pass for a negro; follow my husband's steps; attract his attention, if possible; and share his fortune in disguise. All this only can be accomplished by your assistance. You must report my demise, and you must lend me money, to carry the scheme into execution."

It was in vain Constance argued with her sister. Eleanor was not to be moved. Every danger, every difficulty vanished, in the idea of

following her husband; and Constance was at length persuaded to write to the Earl, and announce to him the death of her sister.

The Earl, as Eleanor had forseen, made no attempt to investigate a fact, which so exactly chimed in with his own plans. He however, thought proper, after he had broken the matter to his son, to put the following paragraph in the papers:—

"On Monday last died, in the habitation of her sister, whither she had gone for the re-establishment of her health, Eleanor, the wife of Lord Frederic Montague, aged twenty-two:" and having written to Constance respecting the funeral, he felt perfectly satisfied with himself. Not so Constance—she found herself involved in a most unpleasant business. It was natural that she should call upon the Earl, to defray the expenses of the funeral; and if she did not, would not either Lord Frederic, or his father, insist upon discharging them? Had she, or could she have a single voucher to produce? or could she, in common honesty, consent to receive money from them for the occasion? Eleanor, however, had already formed a determination upon this subject, and, as she dictated, Constance wrote to the Earl as follows:

"My Lord,

"Having received your permission to leposit the remains of my lamented sister in

the vault of her ancestors, you will permit also to regulate the business according to own pleasure, and at my own expense. vacy in general denotes guilt; and, what may be your Lordship's sentiments upon subject, I have the firmest conviction of E nor's innocence. That her last moments h been imbittered by the ungenerous suspici cast on her character, that they have forn the chief source of her malady, and deci the colour of her fate, is a fact I shall not tempt to conceal. Too proud to obtrude own vindication on your Lordship, and deeply wounded by the entire neglect of y son, to appeal to him, she has resigned her to the fate you have united in preparing for without a murmur, she will now cease to t ble you for ever. With a sense of injury remain,

the much afflicted

"CONSTANCE MOUNTSTEWAR

I shall not attempt to describe the par between the two sisters, or the various ob cles Eleanor met with in her journey to the tropolis. Neither shall I relate the various c culties she had to surmount, in disgui herself effectually, or the still greater she perienced, ere she could accomplish her pose. Suffice it to say, that she at length m the discovery she so much wished; follo

ord to Falmouth; made an acquaintance
the wife of the captain in whose vessel he
about to embark; and through her, inter-
her husband in her favour, by making
in part confidents in her past history, and
e designs. It was scarcely possible for her
ave met with beings more calculated to
ard her views. Captain Sterling, whom
ortune had humbled to a situation far be-
his deserts or expectations, had a gener-
open countenance, which corresponded
a humane and benevolent heart; while
ife, with all the simplicity of innocence,
all the vivacity of youth, entered at once
the scheme of her new acquaintance, not
uch for the reward which she was assured
case of success, as from the purest wish
nefitting a woman, so singularly attractive
leanor.

leanor remained with them till the embark-
commenced, and then, with a degree of
ish, little short of that exhibited by Mrs.
ing, she followed that lady's helpmate to
essel, trembling at the hazardous enter-
she had engaged in; and half fearful,
however advantageously the expedition
t turn out to those who were destined to
mpany her, to her it might bring nothing
lespair. By degrees, however, these feel-
wore off. She was in the same bark with
husband. She could hear him speak. She
d hear him sigh. Unknown, unobserved,
could gaze upon his expressive features.
should be able to watch over him in the
of war, and in the horrors of battle. She

could attend him when sick: and if she could but be so blessed, as to introduce herself to him, she might be able to awaken in his bosom the remembrance of herself. The indisposition of his servant fulfilled all her wishes, and the mysterious conduct of Cary Redbrook, will fully satisfy the reader as to her success.

CHAP. XVI.

There be some sports are painful, but their labour delight in them sets off. Some kinds of baseness are nobly undergone, and most poor matter points at rich ends.

SHAKESPEARE.

THE various emotions which laboured in the bosom of Eleanor, when she first introduced herself to Lord Frederic, were effectually shaded from his observation, by the dark features she had adopted. Yet her voice, which she could not disguise, spoke to his heart; and formed for her, even while unknown, a tender interest in his bosom, which her attention to him during his illness firmly rooted. In their subsequent conversations, though his suspicions were awakened, as to the correctness of the story she had related to him, he was far from forming any ideas upon the subject. All was to him an unfathomable mystery, a mystery into which he dared not enquire; for Eleanor had the adroitness, upon these occasions, to retort ques-

tion for question; and, by opening all the sluices of his former anguish, entirely divest him of self-possession; and ere he recovered himself, without seeming to think she had been the cause of his emotion, or that he had, in the least degree, suspected her disguise, she would turn the conversation to some less interesting topic, or break out into a song, to which he would listen with the most unfeigned delight, resigning himself entirely to the pleasing, but mournful, indulgence of the memory of past joys: and Eleanor, the buried Eleanor, was thus ever present to his view.

Eleanor saw her own power. She saw that his love for her, had survived his conviction of her unworthiness; and could scarcely forbear from throwing herself at his feet, and confessing the deception she had practised—but she refrained. Her purpose, in following him, was only to watch the moment of clearing her own fame, and rendering herself serviceable to him, and making him a witness of the purity of her conduct, from the first moment of their separation. Every difficulty vanished before these hopes. The longer she indulged them, the stronger they grew, and the more ardently she anticipated their fruition. To stop short of the perfect accomplishment of her wishes, was not her design, while one doubt remained in the mind of her husband, while one doubt *could* remain in it, she was determined never to reunite herself to him. Yet she felt, that two circumstances could alone co-operate to re-establish her in his good opinion: and these two were, the confession of Colonel Rosalie, and

the concording evidence of Wilson. The first, it was highly improbable, would be induced, by any persuasions to conviet himself of an unsuccessful attempt upon her chastity, which must undoubtedly murder his reputation as a man of gallantry, and render him the laughing-stock of his libertine companions; while the extraordinary and unaccountable disappearance of the latter, the impossibility of tracing her retreat, or fathoming the motives which led to it, rendered it as little probable that her justification would be made manifest by his.

But Eleanor could not easily persuade herself to give up the first wish of her heart. She could not contentedly sit down under a stigma which she deserved not. In the confidence of innocence, she supported her fortitude, trusting that the inadvertency she had been guilty of, might be wholly effaced by her consequent sufferings, and sorrow for it. And she reposed her hopes on the mercy of that Being, whose wing overshadows creation, and whose arm sustains it.

In spite of the volatility of her conduct, and the errors of her temper, Eleanor possessed an excellent understanding, vast strength of mind, and an inflexible firmness of character, which enabled her to carry into execution a plan, which half her sex would have trembled but to think of. The same strength of mind, though it could not prevent her feeling most acutely the dangers to which her husband was exposed, yet supported her fortitude under them, and assisted her to conceal her secret

feelings from every eye; though it is scarcely possible to picture their extent, when the refulgent sun first exposed to her view that hostile land to which the transport bore them. And as they sailed up the river La Plata, she gazed fearfully around, offering up a fervent, though silent prayer, for the safety and success of that being, so indescribably dear to her heart.

On the 16th of January, 1807, the debarkation commenced; and, unable to witness the scene, Eleanor retired to the cabin, leaning her head on her hand, and involuntarily lifting up her thoughts to the Supreme Being. Her full heart seemed ready to burst. Lord Frederic, who had not yet quitted the vessel, came down into the cabin in pursuit of her, and extending his hand towards her, and holding out a sealed paper, he bade her take it—"It is a provision for you in future, Cary," said he, "should any accident befal me."

"My Lord, my dear Lord!" cried Eleanor, with convulsive emotion, "I want, I deserve it not. If you die, if I am so unhappy as to lose you, where will there be on earth so desolate a being as"—she recollected herself, and, after a short pause, said, "Cary Redbrook?"

"Yet you will take it, Cary," replied his Lordship, with anxiety and earnestness. "Yet you will, you must take it, if not for past services, yet as a memorial of one who wished to befriend you—you will, you must take it"

Eleanor drew back "Oh, my Lord!" exclaimed she, "that you could but read my heart! the impression there made by your

goodness, can never be effaced. That paper is useless. I hope, I believe, yes, I trust in Providence, we shall meet again."

"Then you refuse, perhaps the last favour I can ever ask, Cary!" said his Lordship, solemnly. "You confirm all my suspicions. You are not, you cannot be what you appear. Would a destitute boy, unknown, and unfriended, refuse that which would place him above calamity?"

"Is feeling, is generosity, is gratitude, is affection, then, confined to riches and power?" asked Eleanor. "Oh no, my benefactor, my protector, believe it not! In poverty, in distress, in difficulty and danger, I would follow you, were such happiness permitted me. Then do not wound my heart, by a pecuniary benefaction."

"For God's sake, take it!" exclaimed he. "Take it while I have power to offer it. Time presses—I cannot stay. If you will not take it for your own sake, yet for mine—to save me from unnecessary anxiety, to console my mind, to give ease to my last moments—take it."

Eleanor extended her hand, and received it from him. Instantly throwing herself on her knees, cried—"May the Almighty protect and preserve you! and may a long life of uninterrupted prosperity, be the reward of your disinterested generosity! and then, eagerly clasping his hand, she sobbed audibly.

Not daring to witness this emotion, or trust himself to speak, Lord Frederic rushed upon the deck, and was soon seen by the unhappy Eleanor, who followed him, descending the

side of the vessel. Scarcely able to stand, she seated herself on the deck, and in silence gazed after him, trembling, as fancy fearfully pourtrayed to her imagination, the horrors he might soon be involved in; and, half fainting at the ideas which crowed thick upon her mind—"Yes," cried she, mentally, "the same sun which saw him in the morning, in the pride of manhood, and the prime of his days, the same sun may, setting, behold him a pale inanimate corse!"

CHAP. XVII.

——— On every part
They trace the bright impressions of his hand;
In earth or air, the meadow's purple stores,
The moon's mild radiance—
* * * *
That uncreated beauty, which delights
The mind supreme.

AKENSIDE.

HAD the heart of Eleanor been free from care, and her mind at leisure to contemplate the prospect before her, perhaps she had never had an opportunity of observing one, which might have excited greater interest. But the secret care, which gnawed at her heart, prevented her from observing the beauties of animated nature, and concentered every feeling in self. And though she gazed on the passing scene with a sort of vacant consciousness, her spirits were too much confused, and her mind too much agitated, to enable her either to reflect or distinguish. The busy

bustling about her, however, soon roused her from her lethargy, and the smart firing which immediately commenced from a sloop of war, and a gun-brig, to cover the landing of the troops, astonished and terrified her. She started; rose from her seat; and attempted to walk to the cabin; but found herself wholly unequal to the effort, and was obliged to reseat herself again. She turned her eyes towards the shore. She saw the General pushing forward to gain the heights. She heard the sound of the enemy's cannonade; and, sick at heart, was near fainting. Her situation was, however, unnoticed. Those who remained in the transport were all too much occupied by their own immediate apprehensions for those they most loved; or, eagerly watching the motions of the forces upon land, some were anticipating the conclusion of the expedition; with an assurance of success; and others, trembling for the fate of that merchandize, which was to decide their future destiny. No one had time to remark her conduct. She waited a few moments, and then, with trembling steps, descended to the cabin. She had not been there many minutes, ere Captain Sterling came to seek her. He forced her to take a glass of wine, conjuring her, for her own sake, to recover herself. A loud and piercing groan, at this moment assailed her ears: and Mr. Sterling went to enquire into the cause of it. A surgeon met him at the door, accompanied by a soldier's wife—"What is the matter, Doctor?" asked Mr. Sterling.

"A mere trifle," replied the son of Galen; "the merest trifle in nature; a poor animal of the feminine gender wants assistance."

"Animal!" repeated the soldier's wife, indignantly. "Animal! do you call the wife of Sargent Silky an animal, Doctor? why, I assure you, she is as good a Christian as ever broke bread; and a better, perhaps, nor some people, or they would not call her an animal."

Mr. Phlebotomy, for that was the surgeon's name, smiled contemptuously; shewed his white teeth; took a pinch of snuff; and then replied—"Mistake me not woman. Even *we* lords of the creation are animals, and we do contrive to vegetate on the navigable surface of the translucent fluid."

"Lord! Lord!" exclaimed the woman, "did any one ever hear such outlandish gibberish? but I tell you what, Mr. Doctor, while you are talking, the poor woman will die."

"By the help of Lucinda, she will do well!" exclaimed Phlebotomy.

"It's no use, master, to talk about Lucinda; for the poor creature swears, no woman shall help her out of her pain; so, if you've no mind to come and help her, even say so at once; for if there's a doctor to be had, she's bound to have him."

"And I," cried Phlebotomy, "am bound by the imperious call of necessity, to put forth the hand of art for her assistance; and if you refuseto invoke Lucinda to our aid——"

"Provoking! you are enough to provoke a saint. You've no more pity for the poor

soul's sufferings, than if you were a stock, or a stone. I wish you felt her pain."

With another shrug, two or three grins, and a remark on his own consequence, Mr. Phlebotomy departed. In spite of the fulness of her heart, Eleanor could scarcely forbear laughing at the airs and grimaces of the Doctor, which so ill accorded with the person dame Nature had bestowed upon him. His form was short, thick, and ill made, without the slightest pretensions either to dignity or elegance. His face resembled those fantastical features, which are sometimes carved on the head of a crooked stick—a curved chin, a hooked nose, two little prominent grey eyes, a sallow complexion, and an everlasting grin, finished the picture, which was ornamented with such an overpowering stock of affectation, as must have rendered the most finished beauty truly ridiculous. A pair of huge mustachios ornamented his upper lip. A quizzing-glass hung at his button-hole. His hair was completely brutified. An immense stuffer surrounded his neck, which was covered with a silk handkerchief, of various colours. A sky-blue coat, with an outside-pocket for his handkerchief; a pair of long trowsers, of white linen, and red slippers, completed his attire; while his step was a sort of straggling shuffle, between a walk, a reel, and a dance.

"What a fool!" said Mr. Sterling, addressing Eleanor, and looking after the man of medicine.

"A fool of his own making," replied Eleanor; "for Nature appears to have intended him for any thing else than a beau. There is a

proof, Captain, how little every man knows of himself. If a woman had half those airs, perhaps this thing would be the first to ridicule her."

"I am happy to see you can exert yourself," said Mr. Sterling. "every thing depends upon it. You had better try if you cannot make sport, out of the strange society you are forced to mix with."

Eleanor shook her head; and some of the officers wives entering the cabin, she retreated to make way for them; yet terrified at the idea of hearing the groans of the sick woman more clearly, and equally unable to support the scene upon the deck, she took a book, and seating herself on the steps leading to it, she pretended to amuse herself with reading. But the voices of the ladies in the cabin soon roused her attention.

"And so, Ma'am, you intended going in one of the other transports?"

"Yes, Ma'am," replied another; "and I'll assure you, Ma'am, a more convenienter one than this, by a vast deal; for this is the most unaccommodatingest thing I ever see in all my life—and then, that there sick Lord has made it vastly stupid; but then, Ma'am, I had my reasons."

"Oh, no doubt, reasons. Pray, may I beg permission to ask them?" retorted her companion.

"Why, you must know, the one I was to have come in, had already taken in passengers; and there was a lady in it I didn't at all like; not but the creature behaved well enough, for

any thing I ever saw of her—but then it was whispered that she wasn't always a married woman; so I said to my husband, the quarter-master, 'what,' says I, 'is to become of us officers wives, if we don't stick upon character?"

"Very true, Ma'am, very true," replied the friend. "Character is a fine thing."

"So I said to my husband," continued her companion; "so I said to my husband—but there was another reason, too, Ma'am. She was reckoned a beauty, forsooth; but 'handsome is, as handsome does,' is the old saying, and true enough it is; and as to accomplishments, as they call 'em, and playing on the musics, and gabbering the French, why, after all, what modifies it? will any of them there antics and May-games buy mutton and beef? I have done very well without e'm; and I didn't want the quarter-master to see too much of 'em. They often put plain sober reason out of doors."

"Very true, Ma'am, very true," answered the accommodating companion. "But I hope the most disagreeable part of the journey is over."

"I hope so too, and then we shall soon get comfortibler lodgings. If the day determinates in our favour, no doubt our nests will be better feathered. God send our helpmates success. But I purtest, I was very much dash'd at the cannonadements."

"For my part, it was that terrible sound brought me below," replied the other; "for, somehow or other, I could not help thinking of

my poor husband. Ah, no doubt, some of our fine fellows must return wounded, and who knows where the bolt will fall?"

"I purtest, Ma'am, you quite flusters and shocks me—I'm all over in a quandary; so don't let us talk of them there things any more; 'for why,' as Captain Farley says, 'should we participate the evil day? I think that Lord Frederic, as they calls him, is but a moody-some chap. He seems quite like a fish out of the water, now he's away from his quality friends; and I purtest, I don't wonder at it; for when a man has plenty of chink, why should he stick himself up to be shot at? Not that my husband is at all deficient in the ready; but that's quite another guess matter; for he pre-engaged in this business of war, before he was what he is now, and so he stands firm; for honour's a fine thing, and a big word. Oh, Ma'am! I wish with all my heart, you could hear Captain Farley execrate the word honour. Oh, he's the beautifullest speaker you ever see—for, says he, 'honour is honour, and hon-ourable is the man that gets it.' But I'm no poet, so may be I'm not exact in retailing his words."

"Captain Farley is a fine man," said her companion; "but I incline to think Lord Fred-eric handsomer than the Captain."

"Lord Frederic is handsome, to be sure; but then he has no life, no veracity, or acidity in him. He seems always down in the mouth, quite chop-founder'd, as one may say. He's not much of a speechifier, for a Lord, or a parliament man; these kind of people ought

to have all their wits about them. He scarcely gives one a how-d'ye; and then, as to compliments, one may as well look for a needle in a bundle of hay, as expect one from him."

"Compliments are out of fashion, you know, Ma'am," was the answer.

"I don't much care for compliments, Ma'am, for what has any prudent woman to do with them there things? but then, one likes a little retention, and the like of that; and, after all, a lord may be a lord, but then he's only a man; and so some people need'nt be so proud, for flesh is but grass, as the saying is, and a lord will turn to dust, as soon as another man."

"I incline to the opinion, that what you take for pride, Ma'am, is happishness. That's a pretty black boy his Lordship has."

Eleanor listened attentively.

"Lord, Ma'am! how can you think so? I sees no beauty in them negers, not I; whenever he pops his dark face in my way, my very blood curdles—besides, I think he's grown more like a girl than a boy; and, may be, he's his Lordship's company-keeper."

The companion to the quarter-master's lady laughed heartily at this idea, and Eleanor tremblingly sought the deck, to avoid farther observation.

CHAP. XVIII.

Of temper as envenom'd as an asp;
Censorious, and her ev'ry word a wasp;
In faithful mem'ry she records the crimes,
Or real, or fictitious, of the times;
Laughs at the reputations she has torn,
And holds them, dangling at arm's length, in scorn.

COWPER.

Two days passed, without being marked with any incident particularly interesting to Eleanor, except the continued anxiety she was under for the safety of her husband. On the 19th, however, the army was in motion, and, having passed the sand-hills, was opposed in the plain by the enemy, with a considerable force of agile cavalry. Several officers were killed, but Eleanor had the satisfaction of finding, that her husband was unhurt; and, hiding herself in the solitude of the night, she poured

out her heart in gratitude to the Supreme Being for his preservation.

The following day the wounded Spaniards were delivered up on their parole, and received permission from the General to bury their dead, who, in great numbers, still remained on the field of battle. With breathless eagerness, Eleanor listened to every anecdote of the people in the vessel, concerning the prospect of success; of every person she saw, did she earnestly demand what news, scarcely daring to await the answer to her question, lest all her apprehensions should be realized; sleep forsook her eyes; and so great were her secret sufferings, that she was obliged to retire, at the close of the following evening, to the little cot which had been heretofore occupied by Lord Frederic. Here the kindness of Captain Sterling provided her with every accommodation his abilities could procure for her, appointing one of the soldier's wives, who was peculiarly well calculated for the office, to attend her, and stimulating the good woman's exertions, by a promise of a considerable reward from Lord Frederic. Dr. Phlebotomy attended her, and immediately pronounced her disorder to be a fever on the nervous system, which would probably last for a considerable time. Happily, however, he was deceived; and the joyful news which soon after reached her, of the surrender of Monte Video, dissipated the cause of the malady, as Mr. Sterling confidently assured her of her husband's safety.

At the end of two days, she was permitted to follow Lord Frederic to the fort. To her

infinite surprise and regret, she then found that the good captain had deceived her; Lord Frederic had not escaped unhurt. Eleanor no longer felt for herself; she was no longer weak, languid, or dispirited; she was roused to exertion, to action, to energy—and, hastening to the object of her fondest affection, she once again became stationary at his bedside. She knew full well how to practise the necessary attentions due to sickness; and as she hung over, and watched the pale features of her Lord, her heart yearned to unbosom itself to him.

The wound received by Lord Frederic had been from a musket-shot, which had penetrated the fleshy part of his arm, just below the shoulder; and Eleanor, who never quitted his apartment, heard with delight that it was not dangerous, if the attendant fever could be kept down: that it was kept down, and that his life was preserved, was in a great measure the consequence of her indefatigable exertions; and the sweetest satisfaction played about her heart, as she reflected upon the sensible benefit he had derived from her assiduity. One of the first wishes of her heart was gratified—she lived unknown, under the same roof with her husband; she was scarcely ever absent from his sight; she had been, under Heaven, the means of his preservation; his love for her increased every day—"He will, he must, he shall be convinced of my innocence, and how sweet, how delightful will be our reunion!"

She had written to Constance from Falmouth, informing her of every occurrence which had

taken place since their separation, and she now learned from Captain Sterling, that a vessel was about to sail the following day with the dispatches, and an account of the surrender of the fort, to England; she therefore sat down, and hastily wrote to her sister as follows:

"My best, my dearest Constance.

"Half wild with delight, I sit down to write to you, to inform you, that so far my schemes have succeeded wonderfully, beyond my most sanguine expectation. I am under the protection, in the same habitation, blessed with the confidence of my Lord—I live in his presence—I daily bask in the sun of his smiles—I see that he still loves the memory of Eleanor; and may I, must I not augur from these circumstances, the most delightful consequences? I have watched over him while on the bed of sickness, and I now cheerfully attend him, awaiting, with anxiety, his recovery from a slight wound, which he received in storming the fort, so slight, that I am assured, a fortnight's care will most probably bring him about. Oh, Constance! how will this fortnight pass? I, and I only, am the companion of his confinement, all visitors having been hitherto excluded. I see in his features the daily progress I am making in his good graces; and I feel, that in my assumed character, I am almost

ssary to his happiness. Oh, my sister! was I not sooner sensible of my own fe- ? why did I madly trifle with a heart so , so generous as his? why, when every ly blessing was within my reach, did I from my lips the pure cup of overflowing erity, and rush headlong down the stream ssipation and folly? Is it, my sister, that nce must be purchased by experience? do we, by suffering alone, attain that ity of mind necessary to enable us to bear erity? Is every blessing enjoyed without timation of its value? and are we only to ade sensible of the extent of our happiness, e fear of losing it for ever?

Once again, however, let me assure you, I am entirely innocent of the charges against me; never, even in thought, I swerved from the vow made to Lord ric at the altar; of all men upon earth, s ever been, still is, the only one I could loved; and I live in the hope of vindicat- nyself to him, without whose affection ould be of little value.

cannot describe to you the terrible diffi- s I have been forced to go through, the vations I have sustained, the low, the vul- ociety I have been forced to mix with. ain Sterling, though he did his utmost, et, from my situation, debarred from af- g me the accommodations necessary; ver, I forced myself upon my Lord, as an lant; slept on the ground by his side, in aptain's own little cot, which was given him, on account of indisposition, and did

as well as I could. Yet I often, indeed most commonly, slept in my clothes, trembling lest a discovery of my sex should render all my schemes abortive; trembling at the indelicate sarcasms and remarks I must have encountered; and trembling most of all, lest he for whom I hazarded so much, should cast me for ever from his protection. Filled with these ideas, my sleep was restless and disturbed; feverish visions of past and future sufferings were continually before my agitated fancy; yet sometimes fairy dreams would chase those gloomy presages, and I enjoyed again, in imagination, those halcyon days, when I was the idolized wife, the beloved mistress, of the best, the noblest of men.

"Will those days of bliss return no more? am I, shall I be for ever a fugitive, and a wanderer? shall I never more enjoy the blessings of friendship? will my fame be cleared? shall my blooming, my beautiful boy, be estranged for ever from the mother who brought him into the world, from that heart, that affectionate heart, which yearns towards him with unutterable, unceasing tenderness? But I dare not pursue this subject; my tears stain the paper, and my emotion is too strong for my weak frame.

"Constance, my beloved Constance! be warned by my example; shun dissipation and folly; shun that fatal enemy of virtue, the gaming-table; save yourself from the pangs which I now feel; and, Oh! pity the errors of your unhappy sister, and join with her in thanks-

giving to Him, who has yet secured to her the consciousness of innocence.

"It is amazing my sister, how superstition, in Catholic countries, shackles and enslaves the common mind. Before the storming of the fort, the Spaniards brought out the image of the Virgin, and placed it as a protection to their church, hoping to ward off, by her presence, every hostile blow; but finding these hopes futile and that the sacred image was perforated and sullied by the cannon-balls of the assailants, they requested permission to remove it, which being granted, it was again, with great ceremony, dsposited in its pristine situation.

"How happy ought we to be, on whom the sun of religion has beamed with brighter influence! and how much does the national worship of our forefathers, decent, solemn, chaste, as far removed from the shackles of superstition on the one side, as unbecoming levity on the other, rise in my estimation, by the comparison!

"While resident in the mansion of my forefathers, all spirit, life, and vivacity, new to the world, and its deceitful allurements, I scarcely reflected on the scenes passing before me; all was fair and gay, and the perspective promised nothing but felicity. I respected the maxims of my regreted father; I listened to his admonitions; but when left to my own guidance, my frail resolution failed in the practice of them: experience, melancholy experience, has taught me to admire the wisdom of those lessons, and I trust, whatever be the event of my

pilgrimage, I shall have gained, from the dangers I have escaped, an insight into my own frailty and imperfections—an insight, which will teach me hereafter ever to distrust myself, and to place all my reliance on the support and protection of the Almighty.

"While sailing on the multitudinous ocean, how awful were the impressions made upon my mind, by the prospect before me! I could not help recollecting the simile made by an elegant author, between the succession of the waves, and that of the human race; the first gathered again, after a momentary period, to the immensity of water, the other engulphed for ever in the waves of eternity: both voyages are alike precarious and uncertain; hidden rocks, and unknown dangers, attend both: the wind of Heaven drives the dauntless mariner, and the wild waves rise to assail him on every side; these have justly been compared to the stormy passions which agitate the bosom of man; nor is he who sails on the ocean, oftener wrecked by the tumultuous heaving of the water, than the man tossed on a sea of angry passions—the Almighty stilleth the raging temptest, and he alone, by his blessed influence, can calm the storm of passion.

"My dear, my beloved Constance, think not that these reflections are the effect of either ill health or melancholy. I am well, and I would fain persuade myself I am happy; this, however, I cannot be, while I am unreconciled to my husband, ignorant of the fate of those I most tenderly love, and anxious for the health and felicity of a sister, in whose joys and sor-

rows I must ever participate; but believe, that though I dare not boast of happiness, I have moments of unmixed delight, pleasing anticipations, to which I can and do look forward, and a perfect reliance and resignation on the will of Providence—may that Providence preserve, keep, and sustain you, and crown every pure wish of your heart with success, prays your most disinterestedly affectionate

ELEANOR MONTAGUE."

CHAP. XIX.

———The various lots of life,
Oft from external circumstance, assume
A moment's disposition to rejoice,
In those delights which, at a different hour,
Would pass unheeded.

AKENSIDE.

THE spirit which Eleanor had exerted at the commencement of this letter, seemed to fail her at its conclusion, when she recollected the vast distance which was between herself and Constance, when she remembered, that she might never again revisit her native land, or behold that beloved face, which had been endeared to her by the constant intercourse and sympathy of her whole life. Her child, too, her first-born, her only child, would he never know a mother's tenderness? would her

name never be breathed into his ear? or would not, perhaps, the first blush on his innocent cheek, be raised at the foul stigma cast on that mother's reputation? She sickened at the idea —a paleness overspread her countenance—she was near fainting—"God of mercy!" cried she, franticly clasping her hands, "God of mercy! never let the unfortunate babe hear my name, lest he should be taught to despise me; every other evil would be light, in comparison with this. To be hated, to be contemned, to be despised by my own offspring, the infant I have nurtured in my bosom, to see that innocent countenance, over which I have hung in agony unutterable, to see it turned from me in disgust and abhorrence—Oh, my God! spare me this, and I will submit to thy chastisements without a murmur."

It was a considerable time before Eleanor could compose her agitation, sufficiently to meet the eye of Lord Frederic; and when at last she ventured to enter his apartment, emotion half choaked her utterance, and, without speaking, she pretended to employ herself in the necessary arrangements of his chamber—"Cary," said he, after a silence of some moments, "you have been absent a long time; I am sorry to intrude so much upon your good nature, but I have been anxiously waiting your return. Will you oblige me, by writing a letter for me?"

"The obligation is entirely on my side, my Lord," said Eleanor, in a voice scarcely audible. "You have condescended to take a desolate orphan under your protection, and it

shall be the chief study of my life to deserve your goodness."

She then placed a writing-table by his bedside, and proceeded to write, while he dictated as follows:

"I HAVE preferred writing to you, my most beloved friend and father, by the hand of another, to being entirely silent, lest that silence should lead to apprehensions for the safety of my life, which, assure yourself, is not in the slightest degree endangered by the wound I have received in my arm. A superintending Providence has mercifully thought fit to spare me, when numbers have fallen victims to the desolating hand of war. Need I say I am grateful for the benefit?—is it possible a soul capable of reflection can be otherwise? I have found, too, in a situation where I had little reason to expect it, the most unremitting care and attention; and, could I but forget what I once was, I should be quite happy—but, Oh, my Lord! I still recollect my Eleanor, such as *she* once was, and sigh to think, that Heaven ere made so lovely, so interesting a human being, and yet left its first, best gift imperfect: and, shall I own to your Lordship—at this distance, perhaps I may, without incurring your displeasure—that, on reflection, I cannot feel satisfied with my own conduct towards my wife. Should I, ought I, to have condemned

any human being, without suffering that being to defend himself? and, more than all, should I have cast off the wife of my bosom, the woman I had sworn to protect and cherish, without permitting her to offer a justification? Ah! I well knew the proud spirit of Eleanor would make no appeal. The fact was, that I feared myself, and trembling, lest I should yield too much to my unbounded affection for her, consented to act with deliberate injustice and cruelty."

Convulsed with a thousand emotions, too powerful for restraint, Eleanor threw down the pen, and sobbed audibly.

Lord Frederic was amazed—"Cary, Cary!" exclaimed he, "what is the matter?"

"Oh, my Lord," answered Eleanor, "I can write no more—you accuse yourself unjustly—you never acted with unkindness;" then, endeavouring to recover herself, she continued—You could not act unkindly by any human being—have I not proved the tenderness, the generosity, the nobleness of your nature?

"Admitting all you say, Cary," replied his Lordship, endeavouring to recover his composure, "the very best of us, you know, are not infallible; we have all our weak sides, particularly when passion and prejudice interfere; we are all too apt to disguise our real senti-

ments, out of a blameable fear, lest we should be condemned for them; I hate disguise of any sort."

Eleanor felt her cheek burn, but she hoped her disguise would effectually conseal her emotion from her Lord; in this, however, she was mistaken; her feelings betrayed the interpretation she had put on his words—it was exactly the interpretation he intended she should put on them, and, well aware of their force, he had watched diligently the effect produced by them.

"Shall I finish the letter, my Lord?" said Eleanor, after a momentary pause, endeavouring to recover herself; "it may be too late for the dispatch."

"Yes, finish the letter, by all means," replied he, "for the meaning of my words must be incomprehensible to you."

Eleanor made no reply; but again seating herself at the table, she wrote as his Lordship dictated; but as the remainder of the letter was on subjects less interesting, I shall forbear troubling my readers with it. As soon as she had finished, Eleanor quitted the room, trembling lest the foregoing observations should be renewed.

CHAP. XX.

"Dup'd by thy vanity (that cunning elf,
Who snares the coxcomb to deceive himself)."

ELEANOR retired immediately to the small room Lord Frederic had engaged for her accommodation, and there, for some time, vainly endeavoured to calm the perturbation of her mind, and assume her accustomed fortitude to parry the enquiries of her Lord, should he think proper to repeat them. Of this, however, there was no danger, for the agitation he had himself suffered, in recalling the painful incidents of his past life, had rendered him unequal to conversation; and on re-entering his apartment, she found him quite exhausted, from the additional fatigue he had encountered, in answering the questions of Mr. Phlebotomy,

who, from having been the companion of his voyage, had thought it incumbent to make frequent visits to Lord Frederic, to profess the high esteem he felt for his Lordship, and the concern he took in his health. He was still seated by the bedside of Lord Frederic, when Eleanor appeared. To her enquiry, of how he then found himself? his Lordship was about to reply, when Phlebotomy, taking the words out of his mouth, began—"Myself conversant in medicine, I take the liberty of making a rejoinder to the inquest—His Lordship appears quite languid; I fear you all keep him too low, for while he ought carefully to be guarded from fever, still I hold it, that the constitution, having been already weakened by an effusion of blood, the natural consequence of the wound, and the effluxion no longer continuing, it has now become highly proper to restore, reanimate, retrieve the exhausted excitabilities."

"I fear," said Eleanor, addressing Lord Frederic, "that your Lordship now suffers from the exertion of the day, and as Mr. Phlebotomy seems to be of the same opinion, he would, no doubt, recommend you now to try if you cannot sleep."

"You are correct, young man," cried the Doctor; "perfectly correct, little dark one; and as sleep will be so highly beneficial to my friend, I will no longer amplify on the means I would recommend: beside, pardon me, while his Lordship remains under the care of the physicians of the staff, it would be anomalous in me to protrude my sentiments—they are assuredly amenable for the event; but I will,

from time to time, just peep in, and see how you go on—but I assure you, I've my hands full of business; and though I'm a man a little verbose, I don't know how it is, but one cannot get off, from endeavouring to meliorate the corrosive sensations of one's patients, by a little exhilarating converse; and when one has chatted a little every here and there, heard one man's complaint, who is really ill, and pretended to hear that of another, who only thinks himself so, time steals away, and its lapses are only marked by the dial-plate of one diurnal regulator. Well, my Lord, adieu! you have my most transcendently warm wishes for your speedy and perfect convalescence; I shall take cognisance of all your motions, so I beseech you to bear this constrainment with placidity."

Eleanor moved towards the door, hoping, by this motion, to put a stop to the intrusion of Phlebotomy; but, as he passed her, he tapped her on the shoulder, and whispered—"Child, I have something to say to you—step with me into the antichamber."

Eleanor, apprehensive lest he might have discovered something unusually observable in her husband, followed him, in considerable anxiety; and, fearful the object for whom that anxiety had been awakened, might overhear a conversation concerning himself, pointed to a little room, at a distance from his apartment, and entered it with her companion. Phlebotomy carefully shut the door, and then Eleanor eagerly demanded what was the matter—"Are the symptoms changed?" cried she; "do you apprehend danger?

"If you were his Lordship's mistress, your anxiety for him could not be greater," said the man of medicine, scrutinizing her whole form with a look of earnest curiosity, "No, he is in no danger; but you, who, and what are you?"

"Sir, Sir," cried Eleanor, moving towards the door, "if you have no business, but idle curiosity, I have no time to hear you."

"Oh! but you shall, you must hear," answered Phlebotomy, catching her hand, and standing before the door. "I have long sought for an opportunity of speaking to you, to tell you, that your disguise is generally understood."

Eleanor felt her cheek glow, and her whole frame tremble; but she was unable to speak, and Phlebotomy continued—"Your shape, child, your air, your voice, are indeed truly feminine; so it is in vain to disguise what every one knows; look only at the size of your hand."

Eleanor broke from him—"Your suspicions and your impertinence, Sir, are alike indifferent to me; and I am of opinion, that my protector, my master, would feel little obligation for them, should he, or could he suspect them; however, if this is all you wished to say to me, I would thank you to retire, as the style of your conversation is highly displeasing."

"A very pretty lady-like air, child; but I can't part with you yet; I have someting vastly particular to say to you; and, without any more circumlocutory preface, I will even proceed to the primitive business, which has been meandering in my fertile imagination, from the

first moment I cast my visual orbs on the sublimating electricity of your divine eyes."

"I request, Mr. Phlebotomy, you will refrain from a mode of conversation so truly disgusting—a mode of conversation, which even the confirmation of the suspicions you pretend to have, would not, could not justify."

"But hear me out, child," cried Phlebotomy, eagerly, "hear me out; what I have to say to you may be, must be off infinite importance to you in futurity."

"Nothing you can ever say, Sir," replied Eleanor, indignantly, "is, or can be, of any importance to me."

"Well, child, it may be so, as you please; I do not pretend to any extraordinary attractions; but as the kind, the sort of engagement, the little *agrement de cœur*, you are now occupied with, may not last long, as his Lordship may grow tired of you, surfeited with the sweets of your society, you may know where to find a man, who will estimate every lady's favours as they ought to be estimated."

Eleanor was unable to speak, and he continued:—

"When your present engagements are annulled, you may command me; till then, I have the honour to be your most sincerely devoted, obedient, humble servant;" and without waiting a reply, with a low bow, and a grin of insufferable self-consequence, this self-sufficient coxcomb departed.

Pride, terror, astonishment, for some moments deprived Eleanor of recollection; she was awake only to a sense of some horrible

calamity about to befal her, and throwing herself into a chair, she wept bitterly. Calmed at length, by the indulgence of her grief, she recovered her self-possession; all the evils of her situation at once crowded to her imagination; she saw the imprudence she had been guilty of, in disguising her sex; she saw that she was on the point of being discovered to the whole army; and she trembled to think, that all her hopes of happiness must rest upon the sentiments entertained by her Lord upon her conduct. Ah! what cruel inferences might he not draw from it?

In the ardour with which she had embarked upon the enterprize of recovering the affection of Lord Frederic, and following him in disguise, she had overlooked the inconveniences she had to sustain; and finding she had so long been suffered to attend him without discovery, she had by degrees lost the fears which, on her first setting out, had so terribly alarmed her: now, however, they returned upon her with aggravated force; and every painful apprehension was increased, by an idea which, however natural, had never before presented itself to her—it was, that her husband, arguing from probabilities, might suppose, that a woman who had art enough to form and execute so dangerous a plan, who could so far overcome the delicacy of her sex, as to assume male attire, might equally be capable of wounding the honour of her husband, and endeavouring afterwards to palliate her own flagitious conduct. She trembled also to think, that her disguise being once suspected, she was open to the libertine attacks

of every one of her husband's male acquaintance, and that she could only shelter herself from them, by a confession of her sex to her husband, which she could hardly hope to make, without revealing herself to him, and thus at once putting an end to all her hopes of a justification, which, while permitted to attend him in disguise, some fortunate incident might promote. To silence Phlebotomy, by a promise of some future advantage, and to confess her real name and sex to him, she dared not think of; his impudence, his affrontery, totally precluded the idea; beside, in her delicate situation, a male confidant was highly dangerous, as it might subject her to a continuance of his licentious overtures, and effectually stamp that stigma, already affixed to her character. The present moment, however, was not allowed her for reflection; her long and unusual absence, could not fail of astonishing Lord Frederic; and hastily drying her eyes, and endeavouring to wash off the traces of her recent agitation from them, she once more returned to his apartment.

CHAP. XXI.

"There is an ebb and a flow in all human affairs, and a turn of events may render him happy who is now miserable. The vessel which is stranded may yet be borne up on the waters, may put out again to sea, and be blessed with a prosperous voyage."

To her great satisfaction, she found, that, entirely exhausted, he was fast asleep; and, taking her usual station, at a small distance from his bedside, she placed a book before her, and, under the pretence of reading, should he chance to awake, she pursued her melancholy ruminations. The event of these ruminations was a determination never to quit the house; to converse as little as possible with the inhabitants

of it; to abstract herself from the visitors of her husband; and, to render this conduct less remarkable, immediately to engage in some occupation, which should fill up every hour not devoted to Lord Frederic. No plan presented itself to her mind so feasible, as learning the Spanish language; and she immediately determined to employ the woman in whose house they resided, to engage a person qualified to attend her as a master.

The following day she mentioned her wishes to Lord Frederic, who perfectly approved of the intention, and said—"It will, perhaps, relieve the tediousness of my own confinement, if I was to be your companion in this pursuit."

"Oh, my Lord!" exclaimed Eleanor, "how you delight me! we shall then be able to converse together in the Spanish language, when we return to our native country."

"England is not your native country," said Lord Frederic, with an air of doubt; "you were born in the West Indies, I thought; were you not?"

"The island of Jamaica is in the dominions of his Britannic Majesty, and as I was born in that island, I consider myself English," said Eleanor, evasively. "but when shall we begin, my Lord? I am impatient to try if I cannot excel your Lordship in something."

"That may easily be done," answered Lord Frederic, "so let us begin to-morrow; the sooner we attempt to learn, the easier, in all probability, shall we find it. We both speak

French fluently, and that will be in our favour."

"But you, my Lord, have also the advantage of understanding Latin, which I scarcely comprehend the idiom of."

"Quite the contrary, Cary," returned his Lordship; "you are really a very decent scholar, and have improved wonderfully under my instructions; nor will we stop here; when I am able, I will resume the office of your tutor."

I have before informed my readers, that Mr. Mountstewart had been himself the instructor of his daughters, and that he was a man of ability and learning; the pleasure he had himself experienced, from his knowledge of the dead languages, had induced him to wish that the objects of his affection might share in it; and having no idea that a masculine education, properly directed, could in the least interfere with the duties of a wife and mother, he had taken infinite pains in teaching his children Greek and Latin. Yet, while he did so, he, at the same time, warned them both of the danger he was incurring for them, and particularly inculcated in their young minds, the folly of an ostentatious display of learning, which generally made a woman ridiculous in the eyes of her male friends, and rendered her an object of envy and hatred to her own sex. So firmly had he rooted this opinion in the minds of his girls, that both concealed these attainments with the strictest vigilance; nor once, during their union, had Lord Fred·ric suspected the learned education of his wife, though

he had often, when conversing with her on literary subjects, rallied her on what he was pleased to call the *classicalness* of her ideas.

Eleanor found her plan to answer beyond her most sanguine expectation; it was a source of never-failing amusement to both parties; and when her Lord recovered from his indisposition, and was again able to mix with the world, it filled up the vacuum in her own time, and employed her mind, thereby preventing a continual recurrence to self.

From the moment in which she had made her confession to her husband, of the superior expectations in which she had been educated, he had engaged a servant to attend him, or rather them; and while she formed the consolation of his sick-bed, and administered to him those little offices of kindness, so necessary to his restoration, he never permitted her to degrade herself by any service which his servant was capable of performing, treating her in every respect like a younger brother, who was committed to his care and protection.

The dislike Eleanor evinced to mixing with those who visited him, the entire seclusion and solitude in which she lived, could not fail of being remarked by Lord Frederic; it confirmed the conviction he had long entertained, of something mysterious being attached to her history; yet, while he saw that her life was innocent, while he heard the purity of every sentiment which fell from her lips, while he saw the rational mode in which every hour of her time was employed, he would say to himself —"Time may develope the mystery—why

should I pry into the secret sorrows of a heart so pure? why should I wound the feelings of a being, to whom I am so infinitely indebted? If Cary Redbrook wished to confide in me, he can have no doubt of my readiness to advise and assist him, he can have no doubt of the lenity with which I should judge of his conduct; and will not any inquisitiveness on my part, appear as if I thought myself entitled to demand his secret, as a reward, a recompense, for the protection I have extended towards him?

A short time made Lord Frederic and his companion perfect in the Spanish language, and brought new cares to the heart of the latter, for the safety of him so truly dear to her affection. The little garrison, worn out with fatigue and hard duty, found themselves daily decreasing in numbers; the sick every day added to the hospitals; and they impatiently awaited re-enforcements, to commence an attack on Buenos Ayres, which was the object to which every eye was directed, in all the eagerness of expectation.

It was Eleanor's constant practice, as soon as the duties of his station called her Lord from home (when he was in general attended by his servant, who belonged to the company he commanded), to arrange every thing in his apartment in the nicest order, to place a change of apparel ready for him on his return, which she carefully aired in the sun, and then she generally sat down to her book, never having dared to trust herself with a needle, lest it should lead to a suspicion of her sex. She had long

ago exhausted every source of amusement the books in her possession afforded, and the difficulty of procuring fresh ones, induced her to sit down one morning, and attempt a translation of a pretty little Spanish romance, which had been lent to her by her instructor in that language; she had not, however, been long occupied in this manner, when the door suddenly opened, and Phlebotomy made his appearance. Eleanor rose from her seat with an air of anger, and asked—"what he wanted?"

"What!" cried the man of medicine, advancing to the table, and taking up the paper on which she had been writing; "humph! so this is the manner in which you spend your time; pray, child, have you no other amusement? does your *chere amie* always set you a task, before he goes out, that he may properly ascertain how you spend the dull tedious hours of absence? a mighty clever contrivance! I give him due credit for it, upon my soul I do; and are you really satisfied with your situation?"

"I do not understand you, Sir," replied Eleanor, gravely; "but if you mean to insinuate, that Lord Frederic Montague enforces my employment, or regulates my actions, give me leave to assure you, you are mistaken; my time is entirely my own; he is too noble, too generous, to circumscribe rules of conduct to those whom he honours with his friendship."

"Friendship is a convenient cover, child, for other attachments, particularly when a fe-

male can so far forget her sex, as to assume male attire."

"You think me a dependant on Lord Frederic," answered Eleanor, "and, therefore, presume to insult me with this unlicensed mode of conversation; but if you, Sir, persist in it, you will compel me, unwillingly, I confess, to mention all you have thought proper to suspect, to his Lordship; you will then, perhaps, be sorry for your conduct, and you will be convinced of the ridiculousness of your imagination."

"Then you are really what you appear?" asked Phlebotomy.

"What, or who I am, matters not to you, Sir; of this alone you may be satisfied, that if the most perfect contempt for the insolence and vanity, the folly, the presumption of your character, can in any degree afford you satisfaction, your conduct cannot fail of creating it."

"The thunder of your tongue alone, child," cried he, with a confident stare, "proclaims your sex."

"If pertness and loquacity, if levity and insolence, if ignorance, vanity, and curiosity, are at all indicative of the feminine character," answered Eleanor, with asperity, "then who can doubt the claim of Mr. Phlebotomy to it? unless, indeed, that, as these qualifications equally ornament the mind of a monkey, he should be proved to belong to that species, having also their well-known talent at mischief."

Phlebotomy bit his lip; and Eleanor, gathering up her papers from the table, and seizing that from the hand of her persecutor, with

a satirical smile, bade him *retail* himself, and quitted the room.

In a violent passion, Phlebotomy seized his hat, and bolted out of the house, determined for the future to keep his thoughts to himself, and fearing he might have provoked the resentment of Lord Frederic, which he by no means wished to incur.

CHAP. XXII.

Where am I? surely Paradise is round me?
Sweets planted by the hand of Heav'n, grow here,
And every sense is full of thy perfection!
To hear thee speak, might charm a madman's frenzy,
Till, by attention, he forgot his sorrows.

OTWAY.

LORD Frederic returned home so late, that he had scarcely time to change himself, before he joined the officers at the mess, consequently, if any traces of agitation were visible in the countenance of Eleanor, he had no opportunity of observing them; and, as the party did not break up till a later hour than usual, little conversation passed between him and Eleanor on his return; though she could not help observing, that he was grave and thoughtful, and eyed her with a kind of scrutiny;

which called all the blood into her face. Was it possible the impertinence of Phlebotomy had dared to insinuate suggestions of her disguise to his Lordship? She trembled at the idea; it kept her waking all night; and she was really ill, when she met his Lordship the following morning.

The same thoughtful silence still prevailed in his countenance; the scrutinizing eye with which he watched all her motions, was still the same; and the morning's repast being ended, she was about to quit the room, when he thus addressed her—"Cary, I have been teazed with ten thousand impertinent remarks, made upon you."

"Upon me, my Lord!" cried Eleanor, in increased confusion; "can any one think it worth while, to make any observations upon so insignificant a being as me?"

"The observations made by others, would have little effect upon my mind," said his Lordship, "did I not myself perceive the justice of them—every one agrees, that there is something mysterious about you—I have even been rallied upon keeping a mistress, disguised as an attendant."

"Your Lordship, however," replied Eleanor, endeavouring to recover her self-possession, "must assuredly know, that in this imputation we are both injured."

"The imputation is most undoubtedly false," said Lord Frederic; "but, while I am myself ignorant of your history, for I cannot suppose that you believe me credulous enough to pin my faith on the story you once honoured me with

communicating, how can I parry, or confute the imputation cast upon us both?"

Eleanor knew not what to say; her heart palpitated; her whole frame trembled—his Lordship continued:

"I have hitherto been silent upon this subject, because I wished you yourself first to enter on an explanation—yet I had no idea of the observations which others made upon us. Now, however, Cary, a longer silence would be blameable; and I demand from you a full and perfect history of your situation and connexions."

Eleanor was still silent; and his Lordship, having waited a few moments, vainly expecting a reply, went on:—

"If you have nothing criminal to conceal, why should you deny me your confidence? if you *have*, concealment and mystery do but increase your culpability."

"I have nothing criminal to conceal, my Lord," said Eleanor; "my motives and my conduct are my pride, my glory—yet I dare not publish either to the world—I cannot, I must not, even repose a confidence in your Lordship."

"If my conduct towards you has proved me unworthy of your confidence," said Lord Frederic, angrily, "you are certainly right in withholding it."

"Oh, my Lord, be not angry!" exclaimed she, her eyes filling with tears; "I cannot bear your displeasure—but, indeed, indeed, it is impossible I can relate my story to you—all my hopes of earthly happiness rest upon its conceal-

ment: simply to relate my story to you, would be to involve you in misery—no, my Lord, I am, I must be silent; I must endeavour to bear my hard destiny, without shrinking from it; and I am determined to preserve inviolably my resolution, even though death, or, what is to me infinitely more dreadful, the loss of your favour, should be the consequence of it."

"You appear to set a great value on that favour, Cary," answered his Lordship, with emotion, "since you prefer the indulgence of a ridiculous whim, to my ease, my comfort, my happiness."

"The value I set on your Lordship's friendship, is incalculable—my own happiness I would sacrifice, to promote yours; yet both are so intimately connected, that, were I now to reveal my secret, both might be sacrificed for ever. Oh! my Lord," and she sunk on her knees before him, "have pity on me—have pity on yourself, and suffer me to retain a secret, which may be attended with the happiest effects."

"You speak impossibilities," answered his Lordship, in a softened voice. "I can have no other interest in the business, than as the morality of my own conduct is in question—the strange reports circulated about you, must be set at rest; I cannot bear the imputation cast upon me, and I must insist on having the matter cleared up."

Eleanor now began in some measure to recover her composure, and she formed the desperate determination of in part revealing her-

self, trusting to the peculiarity of her situation, and the influence she had gained over Lord Frederic, for the event. A momentary silence ensued; she rose from her kness; she advanced towards him; she took his hand—"Will your Lordship promise," cried she eagerly, "still to afford me your protection? will you engage yourself, that what I am now about to reveal, shall make no change in your conduct towards me? will you promise, that, without my own consent, it shall make no alteration in my situation? Trust, my Lord, to my honour, my discretion, and I will in part explain the mystery of my disguise."

"Then you confess that you are disguised?" said he, with earnestness.

Eleanor averted her face—"Give me but this promise, my Lord, and, in part, I will obey you—my name and family, for their sake, I will not, I cannot mention: the outlines of my story I will relate, and Heaven shall witness my sincerity."

"What am I to promise?" asked Lord Frederic. "My protection you cannot doubt; I will engage also to make no change in your situation, without your consent and approbation, or without some flagrant impropriety of conduct, which must force me to abandon you."

"I cannot speak," cried Eleanor, sobbing convulsively, "I cannot speak—oh! my dear Lord, if you knew the extent of what I now suffer, you would pity me! I have been forsaken by those who ought to have supported and protected me—I have been condemned,

stigmatized, insulted, unheard; yet I can call the Almighty to witness, that every accusation against me is false. Too proud to sue for justice, I have left my family and friends—I have left them, determined never to reunite myself to them, till they will do me justice. Oh! do not, then, let a knowledge of my sex induce you also to abandon me; let it rather awaken you to compassion, to sympathy."

Lord Frederic gazed upon her for some moments in silence; his emotion was indescribable. Eleanor again fell at his feet; she again clasped his hand, she pressed it to her lips—"My God! my God!" exclaimed Lord Frederic, in agony, "this is too, too much—to what a situation am I reduced! Oh, Cary! you have sacrificed, by your extraordinary conduct, every hope of re-establishing your lost fame—who will believe, who can believe, that you have so long resided with me, without my suspecting your disguise? who will believe that I was ignorant of it? who will credit the innocence in which we have lived together? you are not aware of half the consequences, which must follow your imprudence."

"If you will still, My Lord, afford me your protection, your confidence, I can laugh at the insinuations of the world; neither can my fame be injured by them, while my very name remains a mystery. It is in your power, my Lord, to render me quite happy, by a continuance of your favour—it is all that I now wish for upon earth; consider me still as your companion, your attendant; you will find my conduct the same as it has ever been."

"Sit down, Cary," said Lord Frederic, taking her hand, and raising her from her suppliant posture, "sit down, Cary," and he placed a chair for her. "You know not what you are saying, nor how dangerous such an association may prove to our future happiness."

"But you will not abandon me, my Lord?" said Eleanor, with an air of earnest entreaty; "you will not abandon me in a foreign country?"

"Abandon you!" exclaimed Lord Frederic; "abandon you! not while I have existence—not while I have existence—but how dreadful, how dangerous, is this association! what are, what can have been your motives for it?"

"It is impossible I can now explain those motives to your Lordship," replied Eleanor. "Of this, however, be satisfied, that they originate in virtue—a farther explanation I dare not make."

"And ought I to continue my protection towards you, without its being made?" asked he.

Eleanor seized his hand—"My security is your Lordship's character," cried she, warmly. "It is the knowledge of your generosity, which enables me to be confident that it is not in your nature to desert me, when you know that your support is necessary to my well-being—a time may come, when the first wish of my heart will be gratified—then I will, I can have no concealments from your Lordship."

"But I cannot suffer you to continue any longer in this dress, Cary," said he; "it renders you liable to ten thousand insults. Resume

your feminine apparel, and we will consider what can be done. I would, if possible, spare you the knowledge of what is thought of you; but since it will now be impossible to persuade the world that I was not privy to your disguise, it will be equally impossible to convince them that I have not profited by it."

Eleanor was silent—he took her hand, and, while his countenance betrayed an unusual degree of interest, he continued—"Let not these insinuations offend or wound you—if I know my own heart, I can answer for it, that the knowledge of your real situation will have no influence upon my conduct—I believe, I trust you are innocent; I grieve that innocence should be stamped with the stigma due to vice alone; but such is the peculiar situation of women, that few, very few, dare to leave the beaten track, without suffering for their temerity."

"Oh that I had always been blessed with ich an adviser!" cried she; "then, then, my ord, I had been the happiest of mortals; but are all of us prone to despise the blessing hin our reach, and to trifle with the boun- of Providence—I have been imprudent, never guilty, and this is my consolation." Tears flowed freely down her cheek, as she ered these words. Lord Frederic was af- cted—his voice insensibly became more ten- ler; and Eleanor, in a few moments, recovered her serenity.

CHAP. XXIII.

Breathes there a man, with soul so dead,
Who never to himself hath said,
This is my own, my native land?
Whose heart within him ne'er hath burn'd,
As home his footsteps he hath turn'd,
From wandering on a foreign strand?
If such there breathe, go mark him well,
For him no minstrel's raptures swell:
High though his titles, proud his name,
Boundless his wealth as wish can claim;
Despite those titles, power, and pelf,
The wretch is center'd all in self,
Living, shall forfeit fair renown,
And, doubly dying, shall go down
To the vile dust, from whence he sprung,
Unwept, unhonour'd, and unsung.

LAY OF LAST MINSTREL.

A CERTAIN questionable sensation, which played about the heart of Lord Frederic, and insensibly interested him in the happiness of Cary, warned him of the danger he had incur-

red in the foregoing conversation, and he resolved in future to confine himself entirely, when present with her, to indifferent subjects, to spend as little of his time at home as possible, and to assume towards her, that degree of reserve which politeness to her sex required, when no tie subsisted beyond friendship. To place Cary out of his habitation, was not in his power, had he even wished it; and so strange is the infatuation and subterfuges to which the human heart resorts, when its secret wishes are opposed, that, though he foresaw the danger of his situation, he could not bear the idea of a separation from her who had created it—"Cary," sighed he, mentally, "appears perfectly innocent; there can be no danger in her society; her colour, too, precludes every possible hope she could entertain of winning my affections—I could not make her my wife—and God forbid that I should for a moment meditate the destruction of her honour!"

In this persuasion his Lordship retired to rest. Eleanor slept little, the agitation of spirits she had undergone the preceding day, effectually precluded the balmy god; she could not but perceive the change of manner which had almost imperceptibly taken place in her Lord, from the moment she had betrayed her sex to him; and she delightedly anticipated, in idea, the felicity she should experience, could she draw him into an attachment for her, under her assumed character—"If I should be so fortunate," cried she, "he shall see, he shall be convinced of my forbearance, for I will never

reunite myself to him, till I can succeed in clearing my fame."

A fear, a trembling fear, intervened, to check and over-cloud these fairy visions; it was possible she might fail in this attempt; it was not only possible, it was more than probable.—"Well, then," sighed she, "I will quit, I will quit him for ever, but not till I have asserted my innocence—not till I have opened my whole heart before him."

When she descended, the following day, to a small apartment which Lord Frederic had procured for a sitting-room, she found that he was gone out; and his servant soon after returned with a large bundle, which, he informed her, his master had sent, with his compliments, and that he should not come home till night.

Eleanor opened the bundle, and found a complete suit of female attire, extremely handsome, made after the Spanish fashion; and, flying to her own little room, she hastily spread them on the bed, and taking out some linen from her own box, which was completely stored, she attempted to put them on; but, alas! a dilemma occurred, against which his Lordship had not once thought of providing—the garments were considerably too large. Eleanor fitted and refitted them; but it would not do—they absolutely disguised her; her black face stood in her way; it totally destroyed all idea of contrast—"Black against black, will never do," cried she, pettishly. "I am never likely to make a conquest in this garb—I would not have my husband see me in this dress, for the wealth of worlds—and, to appear again be-

fore him in male attire, when he has so decidedly expressed his wish that I should resign it, will never do."

She called for his Lordship's servant, and demanded, "if he knew any one capable of altering a dress?"

"Lord in Heaven bless you, Mr. Cary!" cried the man, "what an odd notion! why, don't I every day take my Lord's things to the tailor?"

"A tailor will not do," answered Eleanor; "I want to procure a woman who can sew, for the work I have is too fine for a tailor."

"Too fine!" cried the man; too fine! why, the tailors in our regiment make a power of fine clothes. Why, 'twas but yesterday, that I saw the wife of Sergeant Silky, with a span-new walking purlice, I think she called it, all of real stiff, true, scarlet velvet, garnished about at top and bottom, behind and before, inside and out, with a real, true fur, such as, she told me, couldn't be got in our own country for love nor money; and I see'd her try it on, too; why, 'twas stiff enough to stand by itself; Lord; how you would have liked to see her in it! why, the sweat ran down her very face, in *leverets*."

Eleanor laughed—"It is the first time," cried she, "that I ever heard of velvet in a hot climate—she forgot she was not in England."

The man shook his head—"Forgot! no, no, we none of us forget the 'tight little island;' why, this new world is no more like ours at home, than chalk's like cheese; not but here's plenty of beef, that I must say for it; but then

they've the strangest, new-fangled, outlandish ways, that ever I heard tell of: there they all sit round, like a parcel of milksops, toping and toping their outlandish matty, out of the old rind of a pumpkin, with a hole scraped in't on't; and then they can't drink even their own trash, like an English Christian; but they go, suck, suck, suck, out of a pipe; Lord help 'em, it's the most unnaturalest thing I ever heard say."

"The customs of all countries differ as much as their language," said Eleanor; "and, therefore, we have little reason to wonder at not finding English ones in South America."

"Well, all I say," cried the man, "is this—England for my money, that's the land of fun—and there's good eating and drinking, and good fires, and comfortable beds; Lord! Lord! that's the land of fun, I say; why, what uncomfortableness is in every place here!—I don't think I have seen one of the islanders drunk since I came among 'em; they've no ideurs of life; they've not a notion of the pleasure of drinking; no grog-shops, no ale, no cider—oh that I were once at home, in my own country of *Glosstershire!* that's the land for me; why, it's the glory of Nature—there's the Severn, and the Wye; and there's fields, and garden's, and God knows what!"

"Did you come from Gloucestershire?" asked Eleanor, amused with his strange ideas, and wishing him to continue his remarks.

"Yes, I did, God love you, that I did. I have been in the west country, and the Welch

country, and I have been in the Hollanders land; but of all the lands in the world, there is no land to me like that which I was born in. Ah! many's the good time that I've got drunk upon cider, when I was but a hop-of-my-thumb; and I shall never forget what a deuce of a leathering I got of vather, when I whirl'd, head foremost, off the great binch in the kitchen, and broke all mother's crockery, knocked out two panes in the winder, and crack'd my own noddle to the bargain. But there's main good beef in this island, Mr. Cary; but, God love you, what's the use of it, when a man don't know how to cook it? Why these gruffamy-dons don't know no more about a piece of roast beef, than if they had lived upon frogs and soup megrim, with them shilly-shally starvling French dogs. Did you ever see any of them kill their cattle? Lord! 'twould do your heart good to see it, merely for the fun of the thing —then they've no barns, and no flails, and have no ideurs of multivating the ground; and because God seems to have made works easy to 'em, ecod, they seem dissolutely determined not to work at all; all is idleness and vanity, rollong in oceans of untold gold."

"I have been so little out of the house," answered Eleanor, "that I know nothing of the country, or its customs."

"Why, there's never an inn in the place, Mr. Cary; and as to travelling, why, you may travel to the farthest millepedes, as Doctor Phlebotomy says, before you will find a mere lonesome house of rest. Then, there's the day sweats, and the night dews, and other strange

ways and doings, which don't suit me; and there's priests dressed like women, and women garbled into priests, and other mummeries, like I don't know what. Howsomedever, there's strange gubernation amongst 'em all together; and as to their kitchen kick-ups, and mince meates, and soup megrims, I can no more gulch 'em down, than I can swallow the image of the great lady, all crowned and beautified, which they carry about in possession—Oh Lord! oh Lord! this is, God love you, not a bit like my own dear *Glosstershire*—oh that I could once more see the Severn or the Wye!"

"But no river can be more beautiful than the Plate," said Eleanor.

"Plate! the devil a bit of a plate, or a dish, or a spoon, did I see, Mr. Cary, nor one bit of pottery or crockery ware, till our own dear ships came up the river; why, there was not so much as a natural convenience in the land, till old England brought it; but, shall I go for this same taylor?"

"Do you know no woman, who is a good seamstress, and would do as she is ordered?"

"Why, there's Mrs. Silky; she may do it, if she will; but she's a mighty moodysome madam; you must take her before she turns, or, may be, she won't come at all; however, I'll go ask her to come; but I was told that her young gruntling had tipped the perch last night, and that she was squeaking and squalling like wild-fire; but, to be sure, a woman may hoot after her brat, or I should wonder." The man then making a low bow, walked off.

CHAP. XXIV.

A queen, a queen, a cozening queen!

SHAKESPEARE.

It was some time before John Wassel, for so was the servant of Lord Frederic called, returned, and the intervening time was employed by Eleanor, in changing her attire, and properly equipping herself to receive her intended mantua-maker, who, she well remembered, was the woman whose accouchement had been announced to her while on board the transport. What, however, was her astonishment, when, on John's rapping at the door, and announcing Mrs. Silky, it opened, and a short thick woman, with a face red as crimson, and a person truly unwieldy, from fat, presented herself to her view, habited in the identical

scarlet velvet pelisse, which John had so judiciously characterized in the preceding conversation. The thick fur, which half concealed her enormous face, and had contributed, with the sun, to distil a pearly dew from the mountain of flesh which it enveloped, stood erect, in every direction, like the quills of a porcupine; and the stiff velvet literally presented to her imagination, the idea of a scarlet sugar loaf. Mrs. Silky waddled into the room, puffing and blowing, and wiping her broad face at every step.

Eleanor, who really pitied her, notwithstanding the absurdity of her dress, drew the only seat in the room towards her, and requested her to be seated.

"I thank you, Madam, I thank you," cried she, still wiping and puffing; "but, I purtest, i'ts the most unbearablest weather I ever felt—I'm parfaitly wherretted to death's door; I believe I looses an ounce or two of flesh every day; and I'm not a whim-wham either."

"Let me get you some refreshment," said Eleanor; "you are in need of it; I am sure you must have sufferred severely from the heat."

"Yes, indeed, I have suffered, my lady, beyond any thing you can think—and I've lost my poor child—Monte is gone, gone for ever; for I christened him myself, my Lady, Monte Video—oh! he was a delightsome child, as ever the sun set eyes upon—well, blessed be God for all things! howsomedever, I can't help thinking of him; because why, I broft him into the world, and I nursed him duly with my own hands, night and day; and, after

all the pains I suffered in my labour, why, it was a hard case to lose him; because why, if he was to die after all, I might better never have had him."

"We must not question the dispensations of Providence, Mrs. Silky," said Eleanor, mildly endeavouring to comfort her; for the poor woman had bust into tears. "The wise Ruler of the universe knows what is best for us; the disadvantages you would have had to encounter for him in a strange land, the seat of war, might have rendered him sickly; and without health, life itself can scarcely be estimated as a blessing."

"Very true, Madam, very true; yet one can't repose one's self immediently; and I purtest, Iv'e been fit for no uneversal thing, since my poor Monte died; and, had not your Ladyship's honour thoft fit to send for me, I shouldn't have come out, till I retended the funeral. But you see, my Lady, your honour sees, that I've made myself a little dessent, to walk after my child; scarlet, your honour knows, is a very commonish sort of wear in mourning; and I've trim'd 'en all round with black fur—it costs a mere nothing here; but when I get back to my native, it will be a wonderment to think how much money I can make of it, and have a good wear out of 'en, into the bargain."

Eleanor now produced the dress her Lord had sent her, and demanded of the fat lady if she could make it to suit her?

Mrs. Silky declared her inability to perform the task: but promised to exert her diligence

in procuring a person to do it; and Eleanor, thanking her for her civility, which, however, she declined, made her a small present, and suffered her to depart.

Finding it impossible to get the dress altered time enough to put on against her Lord's return, Eleanor determined to wear a white robe, which she had brought with her, in hopes she might have occasion to use it, though that hope had rested entirely on a perfect reconciliation with her husband; and having dressed herself with the greatest care, she impatiently waited the moment of his return.

The surprise of John at her metamorphosis, was extreme; his face exhibited a broad grin; he appeared to think the change a joke, and was playing upon his master, and rubbed his hands, and shook his sides with laughing, whenever he approached her.

Lord Frederic at length arrived—Eleanor trembled; she scarcely knew how to meet him; twice she advanced to the door, and as often retreated, in a fearful consciousness of her own situation. He came at last into the room, but not in his usual manner—his air was embarrassed and distrait; and, when he advanced to speak to her, he seemed to have caught part of her own emotion—"This is as it should be, Cary," said he, at length; "yet I thought, I fancied, that the dress was black; however, I am glad to see you in a proper guise; there was something indelicate in your continuance in male attire, after your disguise was suspected."

The reproach, which these words conveyed, of the indelicacy of her assuming it at all, the distance, the constraint of his manner, cut Eleanor to the soul—she burst into tears—Lord Frederic was alarmed—he flew to her, he took her hand, he pressed it to his lips—"Cary," said he, "my dear Cary! I meant not to wound or offend you."

Eleanor covered her face with both hands—"Oh, my Lord! I see, I feel, that I have forfeited your esteem, your confidence—I see now the dreadful consequences of my rash enterprise—yes, I see them all—I am humbled, I am self-abased—I am wounded to the soul; my own heart reproaches me, not your words—I can see, my Lord, too, too plainly, that I have lost your esteem, and yet I am no wanton—Oh, my Lord! could I, dared I tell you all—but, Oh! I must not, I cannot."

"Recover your self-possession, Cary; be candid, be ingenuous; my freedom towards you, while ignorant of your sex, was the freedom of a brother, a father; now our situations are different."

"I have no father, no mother, no brother," exclaimed Eleanor, mournfully

"Suffer me," said Lord Frederic, anxiously, "to explain my meaning to you. I had no intention, not the slightest intention of wounding you. I meant not to infer, that, while your disguise was unsuspected——".

"The inference is too plain, my Lord," cried Eleanor, with convulsive emotion, interrupting him. "I know it, I feel it but too plainly—I have reason to feel it, for it has for-

feited your esteem for me. But what could I do? despoiled of all that could render life valuable, a wretch, without hope, without consolation, how could I help struggling with the cruelty of fate? Yes, I have staked all, I have lost all; for, as I am judged by your Lordship, so will the world judge me—Oh, my Lord! either restore me to your esteem, your confidence, or abandon me for ever. I cannot bear your pity, it is worse than a death stab—your friendship, your esteem, are necessary to my happiness—if I have forfeited them, I am lost."

"Oh Cary!" exclaimed his Lordship, rising, and letting go her hand, "what is it you say? You know not, you must never know all that I feel for you—dangerous, improper, infatuated as I am, there are ties, Cary, there are feelings, there are situations—" He stopped, unable to proceed; but struggling with himself, after a short pause, he continued—"Believe me, that I feel for you more than I dare express—believe that you have not, cannot have forfeited my esteem; that I would die to render you happy---but I am the slave of prejudices, which I despise. Endeavour, Cary, to compose yourself; and, since fate has placed an insurmountable bar to that which would have been the first wish of my heart, rely upon my protection----as a brother, a father, I will still watch over and support you."

Eleanor sighed deeply, and he again took her hand---"Say," cried he, "that we are friends; speak, pronounce my pardon---you do, you must forgive me."

Eleanor grasped his hand without speaking; she wiped the tears from her eyes, and, with a chastened satisfaction, submitted to be comforted. Lord Frederic re-assumed his accustomed familiarity, and her sparkling eyes pronounced that she was quite happy.

CHAP. XXV.

Gave me a heart, soft, gentle, prone to pity,
And very fearful!

MASON.

THE reinforcement had been some time arrived, and nothing was now talked of, but the intended attack upon Buenos Ayres; all hearts were engaged in the enterprise, and every one anticipated success. Lord Frederic in vain tried to support his accustomed serenity. In spite of the unaccountable manner in which he had been introduced to his *protegée*, in spite of the mystery which still hung over her, in spite of her dark features, he still felt himself irresistibly drawn towards her, by the strong sympathy of sentiment and affection. A thousand times was he on the point of avowing his attachment to her; but could he, dared he pre-

ent her to his family as his wife? his pride, his principles forbade it: then, where would be the utility of the avowal? To form an illicit connexion with Cary; to sully a purity which, in spite of appearances, he did not doubt; to call up a blush in the cheek of innocence; to bid his children blush for those who gave them being---was equally repugnant to his nature.

Yet the danger of his situation, the idea of an eternal separation, while it drew closer every day the chords which linked him to Cary, put all his fortitude to the test. The sentiments of his heart continually trembled upon his lips, and called all his forbearance and self-denial into action.

Eleanor, on the contrary, conscious of her own intimate connexion with him, expressed every feeling of her soul without reserve; she would sit and gaze on him for hours, while tears involuntarily filled her eyes, and the sweetest, most affectionate words fell from her lips---"That we may meet no more, that I may lose you for ever," cried she, "my brother, my protector, my friend, fills my days with anguish, and my nights with gloom—good God! and is it, indeed, possible? is it, indeed, possible?" and then rushing from his presence, she would burst into an agony of tears.

Unable to witness her feelings, or conceal his own, Lord Frederic busily occupied himself in the duties of his profession; and Eleanor, conscious how cruelly he was harrassed by the inquietude of his mind, tacitly accorded in his wishes, by confining herself, as much as possible, to her own apartment. A thousand times

she contemplated the idea of throwing off her disguise, rushing into his presence, and proclaiming her own innocence; and as often she rejected it, from a consideration of tenderness towards him---"Why should I," cried she, "heighten the horrows of a field of battle? why should I awaken in his bosom hopes and wishes, which I may never be able to realize? confident of his affection, confident of his honour, his virtue, oh! why should I doubt the protecting care of a superintending Providence? Can I be weak, selfish enough, for the gratification of my own feelings, to disturb the calmness of his temper, and agitate his mind, at a moment which requires the exertion of all his fortitude and self-possession? oh no! I cannot, I must not. From this time, whatever may be my secret sufferings, I will confine them to my own bosom."

To keep up to this resolution was difficult, but not impossible; Eleanor struggled and succeeded; and the delight with which she saw the effect her conduct produced on him for whose happiness she exerted herself, amply repaid the exertion. But the moment, the fatal moment at length arrived; she listened, in trembling agony, to the unwearied exertions of John, who was putting his master's arms in order---every sound went to her heart, and half deprived her of motion---no tear fell from her eyes---a sickness came over her---she rose from her seat, and looked out of the window. The clear beauty of an Antarctic sun, enlivened every object; the smiles of nature gave a fresh stab to her feelings---"Who can tell," cried she,

mentally, "who can tell, if those eyes, which have been wont to smile upon me---who can tell, if that face will, ere this time to-morrow, bloom with animation and intelligence? that soft breast, on which I have reposed my happiness, may be stiff and cold---the heart, the noble heart, may throb no more! Oh spirit of purity! my Maker, my Father, my Judge, watch over him, protect him, guard him!"

A gentle rap at her door roused her from her mournful reverie; she started---"Will you not wish me farewell, Cary?" asked Lord Frederic, in a voice, 'sweet as the shepherd's pipe upon a mountain.' "I am going."

Eleanor held out her hand to him; her voice failed; she could not speak; he grasped her hand eagerly---Eleanor sunk upon his bosom, and wept---a silence of some moments succeeded.

"I am come to bid you farewell, Cary," said Lord Frederic, endeavouring to speak cheerfully; "do not be alarmed; I shall, I doubt not, return to you in safety." Eleanor pressed his hand in silence---"My sister, my friend," continued Lord Frederic, imprinting a fervent kiss upon her cheek; "I am entitled to a brother's freedom---God bless you!"

Eleanor sunk upon her knees---she lifted her hands to Heaven---her voice failed, and unable to trust himself any longer in her presence, Lord Frederic rushed out of the house.

Eleanor continued upon her kness, in a supplicating attitude; her lips moved, but her voice was inarticulate; her eyes were raised to Heaven, tears streamed unconsciously down

her cheeks; she knew not what she did; she was alive only to the most keen, the most exquisite sense of misery.

"The sun went beautifully down," but Eleanor saw him not. Insensibly, however, she quitted her kneeling posture, and, as the light imperceptibly died away, she approached the window, and, with her head rested upon her hand, leaned out of the open lattice; the chill damps of the night penetrated her garments, and wetted her hair; but she was totally unconscious of it, till a sensation of cold, and a violent shiver, roused her from her lethargy, and warned her of her danger; she instantly retreated, and, having first closed the window, threw herself into bed. The violence of her emotions having entirely exhausted animal strength, she soon sunk into a profound sleep, which lasted till the following morning.

When she awoke, however, she found every limb ache; her clothes were scarcely dry, her tongue cleaved to the roof of her mouth, and she was violently ill. She rose, and, after many efforts, changed her clothes, then threw herself again on the bed, unable to quit her apartment, or inform the people of the house of her situation: a jug of cold water was the only thing within her reach, and she applied it to her mouth, to still the violent thirst which oppressed her. It seemed to relieve her for a few moments, and then all her painful sensations returned.

Hour after hour wore away, and no human being came near her; the apprehension of dying alone, of never seeing her husband again,

of never being able to clear her fame to him, almost distracted her---"Is it for this," cried she, mentally, "is it for this, that I have braved the dangers of the ocean? is death at last the end of all my labours, my anxiety? will no friend mourn over my untimely bier? must my eyes close in a foreign land?---but no matter, all is for the best; if I die, there will only be one lost, whom nobody valued but my poor Constance---well, here I will lie me down, and trust in my Almighty Father alone, to pity me."

In fervent prayer (for she really believed her last moments were approaching) did she pass many hours, when the violence of her pain abaiting, fatigue entirely overcame her, and she sunk into a sweet sleep; from this she was, however, at length awakened by the mistress of the house, who, surprised at not having seen her for the whole morning, now thought it right to enquire for her.

Eleanor told her how ill she had been; but the extreme pain she had suffered having abated, refused to have medical assitance procured till the morning; and the good Teresa Guzmana, for so was the woman of the house called, with great kindness made her some broth, and sat by her bedside during the night. The next day Eleanor was better, and, to comply with the wishes of her hostess, she permitted her to send to the hospital for one of the English practitioners, and, as well as she was able, for she refused the assistance of dame Teresa, she changed her dress, and sat up to receive him.

CHAP. XXVI.

And still he smil'd and talk'd.

SHAKESPEARE.

To her great mortification, however, she learned, on the return of her messenger, that Mr. Phlebotomy was the person who was to attend her, the greater part of the medical gentlemen being gone with the assailing army. The idea of seeing him, and of the impertinence she should be subject to, almost overcame her; but desiring the good Teresa to stay in the room, she resolved to support herself.

In a quarter of an hour the man of medicine arrived, and, in spite of illness, vexation,

and mental misery, Eleanor could scarcely refrain from laughing at his appearance; for, with the strange person, already described, and without any diminution of his accustomed coxcombery, he had equipped his sententious head in an immense cocked straw hat, which he had purchased in the Brazils, "to keep off," as he expressed himself, "the vertical rays of a transatlantic sun."

His manner of approaching Eleanor was far different from what it had been at their two last interviews; his low bow, and humble demeanour, perfectly astonished her; for Eleanor was yet to learn the cause of them, which, for the information of my readers, I shall here relate.

Being one evening rather more exhilarated than usual, at the mess-room, and being asked for a toast, he had impertinently given "the beautiful Androgina, companion to Lord Frederic Montague:" this at the time raised a general laugh, which, coming to the ears of his Lordship, he had thought proper to call the pillmonger to account for it, when, shrinking into his native nothingness of character, Phlebotomy preferred asking his Lordship's pardon, to making the *amende honorable;* and he had promised to be more circumspect in his remarks in future.

He advanced towards Eleanor with the most obsequious air, declared he was sorry to find she was indisposed, hoped her complaint was nothing more than an ephemeral attack, incidental to the climate; protested he would use every possible exertion to restore her native charms; and he assured her he was no self-

encomiast, when he positively avowed, that there was no man on that side the equinox, so famous for febrifuges as himself: then, feeling her pulse, he assured her, that a little of his art would soon reanimate, revivify her exhausted excitabilities.—"Here is no febrile symptom now," continued he; "and I have not the slightest dubitation but all will be well. But I must warn you, to let dame Nature fairly take the field—I must have no palpitations, no misgivings, no tremors for a certain person, who shall be nameless; and you may eat—let me see, a little broth, or a little—let me see, any thing granivorous, except rice, the astringent qualities of which I warn you against—no rice, remember that," continued he, walking to the door, and again returning—"no rice—well, I will make you up something, that shall bring you about presently, or I'm not a master of my art—but keep your mind quiet; a quiescent mind is a more universal panacea, than all the materia medica—well, God be with you, I cannot always, but I'll peep in daily, till you know who comes back—you understand me," and, with a smile, which he denominated the fascinating, and a shrug, which he honoured with the appellation of a polisher, he departed.

The absurdity of character, so evident in Phlebotomy, chased, for a time, the recollection of her own sorrows from the breast of Eleanor. She could not help wondering, how a being, by no means destitute of understanding and information, could delight to make himself ridiculous; for, that the language and manner of Phlebotomy were studied, every motion,

every phrase betrayed. His practised gait, his self-approving stare, the wink, which frequently followed his attempts at repartee, all bespoke the satisfaction which he felt at his own attainments; and his conversation, amongst his own sex, constantly betrayed the most insufferable personal vanity—"I wonder what these women see in this comical phiz of mine," he would say, with an affectation of modesty; "there is no man less attentive to them than I am; I have never put this delectable person of mine under a shape-smith, and yet, I don't know how it is, if I were to cut myself into thirty thousand pieces, every identical part would be seized upon, with most gratifying alacrity, all eager to catch a moment when the fascinating Phlebotomy is at leisure to permit an enter-parlane: then, they praise me too, for the vast fund of entertainment I afford them: now this must be humbug, mere humbug, upon honour; mine are mere common ideas, clothed in common language, no poetical licence, no flights of the imagination, no allegorical rhapsodies, all upon the broad basis of irrefragable truth; a man must be an absolute demi-devil, a perfect devilkin, to be less than I am."

It was, perhaps, fortunate for Eleanor, that indisposition confined her to the house, as restless anxiety, and unconquerable curiosity, would otherwise have impelled her to seek information of the state of the assailants, from every probable person likely to afford it; as it was, she was under the necessity of reining in her impatience, for no rumour could possibly reach her ears; the good Teresa carefully at-

tending her in person, to prevent every unwelcome intelligence, which otherwise might have been given.

Dull and heavily passed the lingering hours of her Lord's absence; too ill to seek, by exertion, an amusement for the mind, she sat listening to every sound which she heard in the streets; she watched the faces of every passenger, hoping to discover, by their countenances, what news had been received; but no unusual bustle pervaded the town; the phlegmatic Spaniard smoked his accustomed segar, or sucked, as he paraded the street, his gourd of steeming matty. All was peaceful and serene—every one pursued his common business; she seemed to feel as if she alone was interested in the event

CHAP. XXVII.

Then when peace illumes once more,
My country, thy green nooks and inmost vales,
It will be sweet, amidst the forest glens
To stray, and think upon the distant storm,
That howl'd, but injur'd not.

BOWLES.

THE failure of the enterprise was at length announced to her by Phlebotomy, who, with his usual circumlocution, proceeded to assure her of Lord Frederic's safety—"We shall all go on well, for all," cried he, "you know who will come back; and if we have gathered no laurels, why, perhaps it is better than having no heads to put them on. I, for my part, was no quarter-cousin to the attempt; I always doubted the feasibility, the practicability of the attempt; but my advice was not asked, you know," continued he, with a shrug: "but we

English are too supine; no life, no exertion, no vivacity; not but we have perspicacity enough, but then we do not move in a moment; the pudding sticks to our heads, and we must plod; and the roast beef tugs at our heels, and we are all aground. Well, well, we shall see there will something come out of this business; it's not over, take my word for it—in my humble opinion, there ought to be as much quicksilver as lead in a military expedition; and when a man's ideas are never above par, why, is it not reasonable to suppose that his actions are unlikely to mount?"

"But when are we to expect the return of our friends, Doctor?" asked Eleanor.

"God in Heaven knows! but now, you know, all's safe; why, you may set your heart at rest; there must be articles of capitulation, and recapitulation: but we are all enmeshed in the toil, and as the rulers plot, so must we play. Well, I'm glad to find you so easy; but we must defecate a little, lest any particles of disease might remain; it is our business to de-obstruct, after that we shall pursue a different plan; strengthening medicines, tonics, bracers—you will do well enough, never fear;" and, with his usual shrug, and "God be with you, I cannot always," the man of medicine departed.

The effect of this information, the certainty of her husband's safety, assisted by the medicines of Phlebotomy, entirely restored the health of Eleanor; she no longer found herself incapable of exertion, and cheerfully filled up the hours of his absence, by the amusement of

putting her wardrobe in order, and getting some articles of female attire to add to her store. She also wrote to her sister, giving her a complete history of all her adventures since her last letter. She had hardly finished, when a loud shout arrested her attention, and, in another moment, John Wassel, the servant of Lord Frederic, presented himself before her.

At any other time, perhaps, his strange dress, and the dirt and filth which covered him, might have attracted her notice; now, however, every feeling was absorbed in curiosity—"Where is your master, John? is he safe? is he well? is he returned?" was all that she could utter.

"God love you, my Lady!" replied the man, "he is safe, he is well, and he will soon be here; but we've had main hot work of it; them there Dons gave us enough of it, I warrant 'em; stones, balls, brick-bats—ecod, I wonder any of us had heads to come off with; it seemed as if the whole business was nothing but gibbosity, every soul of us upon a wrong scent, like a parcel of hounds at fault: all the good that I finds likely to come on't is, that we shall see our own dear country again. Lord, Lord! if ever I lives to get home, I'll get drunk upon cider for a week afterwards."

"But where did you leave your master?" asked Eleanor.

"Safe, safe enough, and hearty; but, for my part, I'd no notion of limbo; I didn't like being penn'd up, like a sheep in a market-place; so when I saw how it was likely to be, I set out to find the way home; and with my sword, which seems a blessed good carver, cut

my way out—whiz went the shots about my ears, but I didn't mind 'em a bit, tho' some of 'em did pepper the old hat a bit; and one of 'em twisted off the thumb of my left hand, which, I thank God, was the best thumb I could spare; and there I've wandered about, sculking and hiding, like a nincom-poop as I am, and at last have found the way back, and now they tells me, we shall all be for going homewards. Oh, *Glosstershire* for ever! that's the land, after all; and if once I lives to get back to it, I'll pick up the first Doll Traipse I can meet with, marry, and live comfortable; for I sees how it is, after all—a man may go to foreign lands, and talk foreign lingo, and see strange sights, but, after all, what's the use of it, if he gets nothing by it? No, no, no, I go home, if I can, and, if my master goes, for I'm not jobbernowl enough to leave a good gentleman in the lurch; but all I say is this, it's no use to stand still to be knubbled, and beat, and thwack'd, and thump'd, and thrust at, and throttled, and shoved, and thunderbolted, with one's hands tied behind one, like an old sow tied to the binch, ready for sticking. Lord, Lord! my very teeth chatter'd in my head, to have a pounce at them sly dogs; why, it was not fair play, my Lady, to think as how a parcel of brave fellers should stand still to be gutted like geese going to be roasted; now, do you think as how it was, Mr. Cary—Miss Cary, I mean?"

"And where was it, John, you last saw Lord Frederic?" asked Eleanor; "how did he look? what did he say?"

"Why, as to his looks, Madam, he look'd all extermination and valour—oh he's a very exterminated man, of the good old English lion-breed—I purtest, as I'm a living soul, if he'd been spit out of a lion's mouth, he couldn't have been braver; then, as to saying, why, he said but every thing; and he would have done every thing too, if he could have cut himself into gibbets, and made every bit a man—But, Lord, Lord! what's the use of standing up against Fortune, when 'tis too late to turn her? why, a man may as well milk in a tun-dish, or fiddle to a sow's grandam; for what I sees, all was in the wrong box, and there is no making soup of a sow's ear. And what comes of it, after all? that's what I say, what comes of it? You yourself know, Miss Cary, that we have march'd many a long night and day, over waters and seas, for nothing, and have been wearing and tearing our hearts out; and what comes of it? why, at last we turn about, and walk home, and get nothing for our pains, but grins; all the Dons seem to enjoy the joke, as if our good king, and our good people, had sent us over to this country, just for to make sport for them, Lord help us."

"You appear greatly fatigued, John," said Eleanor, wishing to get rid of him; "you had better get your clothes changed, and go and eat something; for, as you do not like to be laughed at, you will stand a chance of being offended, if you do not."

"Why, you may laugh, and welcome, Miss Cary," replied he, "albeit you be not rightly one of our country; perhaps it will do you

good to laugh, for you must have had a main longsome, dull time of it since we left you. Yes, you may laugh, but there are some in the world who had better keep their grinning to themselves. I'll tell you the truth on't—I believe I never can bear up till the end on't, without giving some of the Dons a good dressing, after the good old English manner, by fisty-cuffs, which shall stick in their teeth, confound 'em, longer than their slip-slop soup megrim. I never could bear a joke upon my country; and, curse me, if any of 'em speaks a word against our English gubernation, why, I'll be even to shew him the odds on't. Isn't our country a good country? don't we live there like kings? hasn't every man his own house, and bed to lie on? and isn't *Glostershire* the glory of Nature? I say it is; there's the Severn, and the Wye, and as good cider as ever stuck to the ribs of mortal man—and what can he desire more? But I may as well go and bedizen a bit; so your humble servant, Mr. Cary, and God bless you!" and then, with many bows, John Wassel departed.

CHAP. XXVIII.

Time was, when it was praise enough,
In every land, and travel where we might,
That we were born her children; praise enough,
To fill th' ambition of a private man;
That Chatham's language was his mother-tongne,
And Wolfe's great name compatriot with his own!
These suns are set.

COWPER.

THE general mortification at this conclusion to the warfare, might be read in every countenance; it was, if possible, increased by the insolence of the rabble, who seemed to delight in ridiculing those who had been so lately their enemies. Yet, in justice to the Spanish character, it must be remarked, that the better order of beings, when once the treaty was concluded, eagerly accommodated their behaviour to the situation of their prisoners, and conducted themselves towards them, with a generous and

noble-minded hospitality, taking the sick and wounded into their habitations, and administering to their necessities, with all the attention and diligence of the most sincere friendship—a conduct which will be remembered by their opposers, as long as the British character remains.

Lord Frederic at length returned—Eleanor flew to meet him; her joy was too full for words—it overflowed at her eyes—he drew back as she anvanced to him—"You are thin, Cary," cried he, with emotion; "have you been ill? is any thing the matter with you?"

"I have had a slight fever," answered Eleanor, "from which, however, I am now rapidly recovering—you, my Lord, look the better, if possible, for your fatigue; you do not seem to take your rebuff to heart."

"It is in vain to quarrel with the dispensations of Providence, Cary," replied his Lordship. "But I must take you to task a little; you have, I fear, been trifling with your health; if I had been brought home wounded, and you in this state, I should have missed my little nurse."

"I have had very good attendance, however," said Eleanor, "as Phlebotomy will no doubt take care to tell you, for he has visited me daily."

"And who could possibly have recommended that impertinent coxcomb to your notice?"

Eleanor smiled—"Necessity my Lord, for he was the first person my ambassador met with, when he went in pursuit of advice; and,

give him his due, he has been of infinite service to me. It was he who first brought me the intelligence of your Lordship's safety; and, I assure you, the coxcombry you complain of, has been a source of never-failing amusement to me; for his tongue is like a clock; it is but to set him in motion, and he will go on, hour after hour, without stopping: then he uses such fine words, that I really believe, if I had had any one to have laughed with me, I could never have kept my countenance."

Lord Frederic spent the evening at home, and Eleanor was quite happy; she was never tired of making enquiries concerning the late assault, and he was pleased to answer them; her love was encreased, if possible, by the "dangers he had passed," and his by no means diminished, at the pity she expressed for them.

Thus loving, and internally convinced of being beloved, passed several months. Orders from England at length arrived, and Lord Frederic found that he was destined to the Cape of Good Hope: to him, all places, and all situations, were indifferent; but he was anxiously desirous of returning to England, that he might place his *protegée* in some secure and honourable asylum, and end at once the struggles which he internally endured upon her account.

After long deliberation, he at last determined to speak to her, and propose her going to England. Eleanor heard him in silence, and he continued—"I have a distant female relative, to whom I will recommend you as a companion; it will be a secure, an honourable asylum, and will assist in obscuring from the

world your long residence with me, a residence which, in spite of the innocence of your life, cannot have escaped comment."

"If you are dissatisfied with my conduct, my Lord," said Eleanor, firmly, "if you are tired of the trouble of protecting me, say so, and I will leave you to-morrow; but, as I am myself attached to no country, I confess it is my wish to accompany you to the Cape; when we arrive there, I have no doubt of being able to procure a situation for myself. I am capable of exertion, I will not shrink from it—but I have the most forcible reason for not revisiting England: excuse me, if I say, I will not return thither yet—I have no claim on your Lordship; I have already trespassed too long on your generosity."

"If you do not wish to repay those obligations with ingratitude, Cary, you will cease to mention them; they have been repaid by the pleasure your society has afforded me—they have been more than repaid, by your assiduous attention and kindness—have you not watched over me when sick? have you not formed my felicity when in health? If I had only a common regard for you, I should certainly prefer my own gratification, and be solicitous to take you with me; but how can I, how dare I do this, when I know how much you have already suffered in the opinion of the world, by a residence under the same roof with me?"

"If I am fortunate enough to attain the end for which I have endured so much, that opinion will change," said Eleanor; "if I am

not, it matters little what any one thinks—for I am, I must be undone; nothing upon earth can save me."

"But do you know, Cary," asked his Lordship, determined to come to the point, "do you know the severity of the conflict you impose upon me? I must have been more than man, to have lived so long under the same roof with you, without feeling a more"—his Lordship paused, hesitated, and continued—"There are circumstances, painful, *irremediable* circumstances, which forbid the first wish of my heart—I cannot offer you my hand, even though I love you more than existence—Oh! then, do not expose me to the temptation of daily wishing you less amiable, less virtuous, than I now believe you to be."

"I will acquit your Lordship of all consequences, by a candid avowal of my own sentiments," said Eleanor, in confusion, hardly knowing how to get out of this new dilemma. "I honour you for your sentiments, I honour you for the propriety of your conduct, I feel for you the sincerest regard—but, if I know my own heart, I can with sincerity affirm, that I have no wish to be united to you, by any stronger tie than that which now subsists between us, a mutual friendship—no, know, that were you at this moment free, free to offer me your hand and heart, I should feel myself under the necessity of refusing you."

"Thank God! thank God! I am spared from a world of pain; I have now nothing to reproach myself with—I had, I confess I had

the vanity, the presumption to believe, that I was not quite indifferent to you."

An air of mortification accompanied these words.

"Nor are you, my Lord," said Eleanor, with an air of kindness; "it is impossible I can be indifferent to one, from whom I have received so many, and unreturnable obligations—that I feel no warmer prepossession in favour of your Lordship, must be imputed to my having long since disposed of my affections. I can see all your Lordship's sentiments; I have long read them; I can see that you suspect the propriety of my conduct; appearances are certainly against me."

"No, upon my honour, I do not. I cannot suspect you; I will answer for your innocence, your virtue."

"Then, what, my Lord, are, or have been, your insuperable objections to an alliance with me? is it the questionableness of my situation in the eye of the world?"

Lord Frederic was silent.

"Silence gives consent," continued Eleanor; "but I am not deceived—oh my Lord! I know too well, there is another more operative cause—I know that my unhappy features must ever deprive me of the honour of becoming your wife. I have long known it; I always knew it; and it is no disappointment to find my suspicions verified. Yet, my Lord, the heart is of no colour—you have proved the tenderness of mine; you shall prove it still; for, rather than wound you, I will resign every thing valuable in life. Choose, then, my Lord, amongst

the ladies going to the Cape, one who will condescend to receive me for a waiting-woman, interest her in my unhappy fate, bid her overlook my failings, such as they are represented in the eyes of the world, and I will prove, by my future conduct, that I am not entirely unworthy of your friendship."

"To see, to behold you in a situation so infinitely beneath your deserts, your education, is what I can never consent to," replied Lord Frederic.

"And, thinking of me as the world thinks," said Eleanor, "who will receive me in any other?"

"Do you consent that I shall make the attempt?"

"I do, my Lord, though it must be on the condition that my protectress goes to the Cape —I can never consent to return to England."

CHAP. XXIX.

Irregular as the comet, is she who oversteps the bounds prescribed by custom to her sex; ominous and portentous is her course; the same caution is necessary to avoid the baleful effects of her influence, lest inevitable destruction should overtake us.

MARTHA HOMELY.

LORD Frederic set out immediately on the search; he called upon all his female acquaintance; he introduced a conversation, likely to induce them to declare their sentiments; but pride and prejudice interfered, and he was about to abandon his pursuit, when accident brought Lady Harriet Cummelin before him. She was, perhaps, the last person to whom he would have introduced the proposal he wished to make, but she herself began the conversation, by asking—"If the poor girl, whom Phlebotomy had attended in his lodgings, was likely to recover?"

"She is at this moment almost in good health," said Lord Frederic.

"By all accounts she is an astonishing creature," said Lady Harriet; "pray, where did your Lordship meet with her?"

I am almost tempted to make a proposal to your Ladyship—Can you, or will you, lend a hand to restore this astonishing girl to the good opinion of the world?"

Lady Harriet looked at him a moment with astonishment—"Is your Lordship tired of her?" said she, with archness.

"She is a being of whom no man of sense can ever be tired," answered Lord Frederic, warmly; "there is no woman upon earth, of whom I entertain so high an opinion—and, but for her unfortunate complexion, I should long ago have offered her my hand in marriage."

The astonishment of Lady Harriet increased —"Good Heavens!" exclaimed she, "is this possible?"

"It is not only possible, but it is true," continued his Lordship, gravely; but I am not certain, that if I was to offer her my hand, she would accept me—not an hour since, she protested she would not."

"I can scarcely believe it likely," answered Lady Harriet, with an air of incredulity, "that any woman in her situation, a woman who appears too, from all I hear, uncommonly attached to your Lordship, could preserve such a resolution, unless, indeed, she had children, who might suffer from the event."

"Lady Harriet," said Lord Frederic, solemnly, "I have the most perfect respect for you;

I wish you to understand this young woman in a proper light; and I hope you will believe me, when I assert, that, on my most sacred word and honour, on every thing I value here and hereafter, I believe Cary Redbrook perfectly virtuous."

Lady Harriet burst into a violent fit of laughing—"Then you, my Lord, are an anchorite, and she a perfect Plato in petticoats—or, may be, there is no such person as Cary Redbrook—that may be only a travelling name."

Lord Frederic looked disappointed; he, however, returned to the charge—"I have a certain conviction," said he, "that it is not her real name, but it is the only one she has ever permitted me to know; and I fancy I shall more astonish your Ladyship, when I tell you, that I know nothing of her fortune or history; but if you will take my arm, I will relate the commencement and course of our acquaintance."

"Not all, pray, not all," cried the still incredulous lady, "or I must pull down my veil over my face, lest I should have occasion to blush at the recital of your Lordship's amours."

Lord Frederic then began his story, which was often interrupted with, "astonishing! prodigious! and *all* true? well, a perfect adventure! get on, get on—I die to come at the conclusion;" and when he had finished, she made a full pause, looked earnestly in his face, and, with a countenance full of regret, replied—

"I do not doubt your Lordship's honour; I should be happy to hold out a protecting hand

to this young woman; but I am young myself, too young for the enterprise—I dare not bid defiance to the world; it is always dangerous for my sex to step out of the beaten path."

"I have done," exclaimed Lord Frederic, deeply mortified, "I have done; yet it is particularly unfortunate, for my situation is dangerous, critical in the extreme; with the very best of inclinations, who, Lady Harriet, can answer for himself, daily exposed to temptation?"

"I must positively bid you good-day," cried Lady Harriet, "lest you should tempt me to err against my better judgment;" and, with a bow, she drew her arm from his, and walked hastily away.

Lord Frederic returned home; he was met at the door by Eleanor—"You need not speak, my Lord," cried she; "I see by your countenance you have been unsuccessful; did I not tell you how it would be? come, tell me in your turn, to whom have you made application? tell me all—I shall feel no mortification, for I have anticipated all that would be said to you."

"Indeed, Cary, I cannot repeat the conversation—I can scarcely remember it—I believe I was too much interested in the event, to commit it to memory."

"But you can tell me, my Lord, to whom you have made application, and how many have rejected me?"

"The only one to whom I made application —Lady Harriet Cummeline."

"How could your Lordship think a woman

of her Ladyship's rank would do a thing so out of the common course?"

"For a thousand reasons, too potent to be controverted---Lady Harriet Cummeline is a woman of sense, understanding, and education; one who can properly appreciate your genius and acquirements; one who can enter with true feminine delicacy into all your feelings, and would tremble at the idea of inflicting a wound on the meanest of her dependents. I know no woman possessed of such charming spirits, and so regular a vivacity, as Lady Harriet; no one more correct in her conduct; and, above all, her rank in life gives her a degree of consequence with the world, which would render her sanction of the highest service to you."

"If I could once see Lady Harriet," exclaimed Eleanor, warmly, "if I could but once see and converse with her, I could in a moment convince her of my innocence, in regard to your Lordship---and *here*, at least, this is my only accusation---oh that I could as easily convince every one!---that I could as easily convince you, my Lord, of the perfect purity of my former conduct!"

"Have I not assured you," exclaimed he, taking her hand, "that I am convinced of it? yes, in spite of appearances, I am convinced of it. If I doubted it a moment, all my repugnance to your continuance with me would vanish, all my fears for you, for myself, would cease; but, oh Cary! how, how can I support the conflict I now endure?"

Eleanor withdrew her hand, she rose from her seat, and abruptly quitted the room.

The wise Disposer of Events, who, unseen, directs the ways of mortals, interfered to place Eleanor in the very situation her Lord had wished for her, for she was embarked for the Cape in the same transport with Lady Harriet, the same which Mr. Sterling was master of, which also contained the wife of the quarter-master before mentioned, whom I shall from henceforth call Mrs. Gibson, and the Captain's lady with whom she had formerly so freely conversed, on her objection to associate with women of light character. Mrs. Skipton, the Captain's lady, was a great lover of quality, and she of course preferred going in the same vessel with Lady Harriet, hoping, by this means, to increase her acquaintance with her Ladyship, and to have her future parties at the Cape, where, she was informed, she would have every opportunity of being gay, graced with her Ladyship's presence—but no sooner had these ladies been given to understand that Eleanor was to partake of the association, than they determined to make the voyage as unpleasant to her as possible, to let her know that she was not company for virtuous women, and to inform Lady Harriet of all they knew concerning her. The worst accommodation in the vessel would undoubtedly have been afforded her, had not Captain Sterling interfered; and having seen Lady Harriet provided with the principal cot, in respect to her rank, he arranged those of the other ladies, and Eleanor had the best of all, by being placed apart from the others, and furnished with every convenience he could afford her.

The first effort at hostilities commenced on the second day of the voyage. Mrs. Gibson, rising from her seat, and moving to the farthest side of the cabin, and joining her friend Mrs. Skipton, at a great distance from the offending personage—"I declare," cried she, drawing up her gown, as if fearful of contamination, "I wonder at the assurance of some people; don't you, Mrs. Skipton? well, well, what we officers' wives are foreed to put up with! What with one sort of inconvenientness and another, I don't think I'll ever again go into foreign lands with the corpse. Doesn't your La'ship think this sea-sailing the most tiresomest thing of all? I wonder how a parson of your quality and education can submit to it."

"Oh, this is nothing," said Lady Harriet, gaily, "for now we have no fears, Mrs. Gibson, for the safety of our husbands. I expected all these things, when I set out on the expedition; I am, for my own part, glad to find it no worse."

"Your Ladyship is of a very contented disposition, I fancy," said Mrs. Skipton, "for you can't have been used to hardship's more than myself; and I must say, I, for my part, cannot help feeling them; and the worst of it is, that we are obliged to pick up with all sorts of company," and she cast an indignant glance at Eleanor; "character or not, no matter, officers' ladies and mistresses, all are popp'd into these chicken-coops together."

Eleanor seemed to sit uneasily; Lady Harriet looked at her with an eye of pity, and made an attempt to turn the conversation, by saying

—"Come, we must not call this vessel a chicken-coop neither, for the accommodations are as good as we can expect."

"But the association, my Lady, how can your Ladyship reconcile that?"

"Yes, that's what I chiefly finds fault with," said Mrs. Gibson; "and then the men all pays the same attention to your women of a certain description, as to us, who have characters to lose; but I tells my husband, he'd better not be after following any riggs, for I won't take it—what did I marry him for? yes, and I brought him a handsome fortune too, or he would not have been an officer; so he'd better mind his p's and q's, I can tell him that."

"I wonder where my boy is," said Lady Harriet, striving once more to turn the conversation; "I am afraid his father will keep him too long upon the deck; the child is very delicate."

"Will your Ladyship permit me to fetch him?" asked Eleanor, with an air of dignity.

"I should be sorry to give you that trouble," answered Lady Harriet, with condescension, "but I really will consider it as a great favour, for I have not yet got my sea legs on, and don't think I can stand upon deck."

"Lord! my Lady," exclaimed Mrs. Gibson, "let the black body go fetch the child; she's been used to nursing, I dare say."

Eleanor rose to go.

"And do ye hear, child, be sure you don't chatter to the men upon deck—the officers I mean, but come back again presently; for when we have these kind of people in sight,

Mrs. Skipton, then we know what they're about."

Eleanor looked at her with contempt, and quitted the place.

"She appears modest," said Lady Harriet, following her with her eyes; "she has nothing bold in her manners, and, I think, as fine a set of features as I ever beheld."

"But, after all, your La'ship, is it not hard we must bear her company?" asked Mrs. Skipton; "I'm amazed your La'ship is so polite to her. When my husband was in the West Indies, he says, none of the breed were allowed to sit with white people."

"I am told," cried Mrs. Gibson, "that in their own country, them there blackamore neigers work stark naked; why it's enough to dash any person of delicey to go among 'em; and then they marries, and unmarries, just as they likes, without any notion of godliness, or any think else; and then the ruination of it is, that they all thinks it a grand thing to be taken into the favour of a white person, because as how it makes their fortin; and they tries all they can to draw honest womens' husbands away from them; they don't never marry, does they, Mrs. Skipton, after our fashion?"

"Oh no!" exclaimed Mrs. Skipton, with an affected laugh, "that would be making a joke of the marriage ceremony, with a vengeance."

"Poor things!" said Lady Harriet, "they are faithful, I believe, and, make the best of it, to be a slave, must be terrible; however, ladies, as we are now embarked with this poor

girl, we had better, for our own sakes, endeavour to reconcile ourselves to her; and, indeed, while she conducts herself properly, it would be cruel to mortify and insult her; for I am told, her education has placed her above the common occupations of life."

Eleanor now returned to Lady Harriet, leading her son—"Dear mama," cried the child, "why did you send this Miss Black to fetch me? I was looking at the pretty water, with my papa; and it is so nice above, upon the deck; here it is so hot and uncomfortable; now do, do, my dear mama, let Miss Black take me back again."

Lady Harriet kissed the child—"Not now, my love," replied she; "you will be troublesome to the young lady; and, you know, you promised to be very good; for I have no servant now to look after you, since Mary left us; and you must keep yourself clean, and be a good boy; for it really makes me ill, to be always dressing you."

"Did you not tell me, the other day," asked the child, "to look at the pretty mare, with her little colt by her side? and did we not have, in our own country, pretty little pigs, running by the side of their mother? and does not every living creature take care of their own little ones? and ought you, my dear, dear mama, to think it a trouble to take care of me?"

Lady Harriet pressed the intelligent child to her bosom, and half devoured him with her kisses.

"Oh, but Master Cummeline," said Mrs. Skipton, "neither the mare's little colt, or the

little pigs, had clean clothes to dirt and soil, as you have."

"God bless thy sweet face!" croaked the raven-like voice of Mrs. Gibson; "he who buys thee for a fool, will have but a sorry bargain in truth."

"I shall be happy, if your Ladyship will permit me to take the child on deck; I am remarkably fond of children," said Eleanor, with a smile, which the fond mother thought perfectly bewitching. "Come, my love, give me your hand, for I see consent in your mama's looks."

"And I won't be rude or troublesome, mama, indeed I won't; and I will not go near the edge of the vessel; and I know Miss Black didn't think me troublesome, for she spoke to me as you do, mama."

"That young lady has a name, my love; she is called Miss Redbrook, and I wish you would remember it."

"Indeed, my Lady," said Mrs. Gibson, "you had better let the black body take the little gentleman, it will keep him quiet; and your La'ship's siteation is not to be trifled with. Whenever I am in a family way, the least thing flusters me. Oh dear! it's a sad thing to be sickly; why, Iv'e never once had a live child, all owing to the *delikeetness* of my *consecution;* do, my Lady, send the child away, and I'll step upon deck, and see if I can't get some one to play a rubber; Lord! 'twill pass the time off like any thing."

Lady Harriet was a woman of the world; she had beside a natural wish to oblige every

one; she therefore consented to this proposal, and again apologizing to Eleanor, for the trouble she gave her, permitted her to take the child away.

Mrs. Gibson, however, as if determined to mortify her, brushed by her at the door of the cabin—"Make way," cried she, "make way, Miss, for your betters—we women of virtue ben't to be put upon equality with such as you."

"Certainly not, Madam," retorted Eleanor, indignantly; "I never thought of putting myself upon an equality with you; I know my own claims better."

"Oh ho! well, I'm glad you understands yourself; your humble servant, Miss," and with an air of dignity, she marched off.

CHAP. XXX.

Oh, did'st thou never, never, breathless hear,
After a painful lapse of years and woe,
A kindred sound? Say, did the gentle tear,
Unbidden, never from thine eyelids flow,
And a soft, mournful, trembling bliss bestow?
Did not the well-remember'd cadence fall
Upon each list'ning sense, and the heart sigh
For those who silent in the cold grave lie?
Did feeling nature, gentle nature, call,
And each collected sense in bliss enthrall?
Oh yes! If ever fond affection dwelt
Within thy bosom; if, alive to love,
Thy vital frame, oh! so thou must have felt
Anticipation, blest of bliss above!

MARTHA HOMELY'S POEMS.

THE evening was uncommonly fine, and Lady Harriet, tempted by its serenity, proposed to drink tea upon deck; and Captain Cummeline, to whom her slightest wish was a law,

immediately set about placing seats for the ladies, and erecting a small awning to protect them from the sun.

Charles Cummeline, who had spent the whole day with Eleanor, whose gentle manners, and wish to amuse him, had entirely won his heart, insisted that his chair should be placed next to her's; and when all the company were seated, and those gentlemen who chose it had joined the group, he cried out—"Now, my dear, dear mama, now is the time for a song. Don't you remember how happy we all used to be upon the water, in a boat, in our country? Come now, do, mama, sing: I know some of the gentlemen sing, for I've heard this Lord," pointing to Lord Frederic "sing; and Miss Cary was humming all the time she was looking on the water—come, mama, if you begin, every one must follow."

All the company now joined, in requesting Lady Harriet to sing; and, with infinite spirit and vivacity, she obliged them.

When, however, every one had sung, except Eleanor, and it came to her turn, she would have endeavoured to be excused; but all the gentlemen, with one accord, insisted upon her compliance; and, notwithstanding the angry looks cast on him by his lady, Mr. Gibson declared, that all who did not sing must forfeit—"So, if you've no mind, Miss, to be kissed, why, you must tune up your pipes."

Eleanor looked at Lord Frederic—the scene reminded her of their first meeting—of the beautiful gondola of Mr. Linzee, and, with a tremulous voice, she began the very song which

had broke upon her youthful ear, while watching its approach on the shore of Landrenden, and, without consideration, she sung,

"Go thou, whose beauties charm the plain."

But she had scarcely finished the first stanza, ere Lord Frederic rose from his seat and left the company. The eyes of Eleanor followed him; she was astonished at her own inconsideration; her voice faltered; Lady Harriet observed it; she gave her a look of encouragement, but it would not do, and with difficulty she finished.

When, however, she had concluded, Mr. Gibson, with a grin, protested she was a nightingale; and, giving his helpmate a smart rap upon the shoulder, cried—"Well, Moll, I'd give a pound or two, if you could touch us a tune like that; it's quite a Vauxhall shake; burn me, little black one, if I could not sit all night to hear you. Come, come, another song; what say you, Lady Harriet? shan't we have another song of the nightingale?"

"If we should not trespass too much on you, Miss Cary," said Lady Harriet.

"Trespass! Lord, Lord!" exclaimed Mrs. Gibson, with sharpness; "trespass! why, these sort of people only want to be noticed—no trespass at all, my life for it. Come, Miss Cary, don't you see all the men are dying for you to begin?—don't you see the quarter-master ready for any other trespass you've a mind to purpose to him?—Oh Lord! oh Lord! was any woman ever so abused as I am?"

"Hold thy tongue, Moll, and don't be a fool," cried; Gibson; "thou'rt enough to drive the best man in the world into wickedness—ben't you always putting these strange fancies into my head? and didn't I always tell you, that you go the very way to make your words true?"

"The devil never wants an excuse for sin," exclaimed the enraged lady, with increased asperity; "but I tells you what, Mr. Quartermaster, if I finds any of your doings out, I'll break every bone in the black body's skin, that I will; for to come for to make mischief amongst honest women, it's a shame, and a crying shame, I say it, and let who will gainsay me."

Eleanor rose from her seat; Lady Harriet rose also; Charles Cummeline ran to the side of his father for protection; Mr. Gibson took his wife by both hands; he grasped her wrists violently; her passion increased; Eleanor would have passed by them, but Mr. Gibson stood in her way—"You must not go, Miss Cary," cried he, seizing her hand, and contriving to associate it with the left hand of Mrs. Gibson; "you must not go; Moll will be all meekness presently, when she has had time to cool. Now, don't think, from appearances, gentlemen and ladies," continued he, "don't think Mrs. Gibson an ill-tempered woman; I'll assure you, Moll's naturally of a meek, quiet, passive temper—but, you know, the poorest worm will turn, when trod on."

"Sir, I entreat you will suffer me to pass," said Eleanor.

"Oh Lord, have mercy upon me!" screamed

Mrs. Gibson; let go my hands, Christopher; I dare swear they be now as red as bull beef—Oh Lord! Oh mercy! for Heaven's sake, let me go!"

"Ask the young lady's pardon, Moll; ask the young lady's pardon," said Gibson, sternly; "down on your marrow-bones, and ask her pardon."

"I ask pardon of a creature of her sort! I'll die first."

"Pray, Mr. Gibson, suffer me to retire," said Eleanor; "I require no apology; pray let me go."

"Do let the young lady go, Gibson," said Captain Cummeline; "you will terrify her into fits—master your own wife, and welcome, but, pray, let Miss Cary go."

"None of your advice, Captain Cummeline," Shriek'd Mrs. Gibson; "I tells you we don't want it."

"Down on your marrow-bones, Moll," continued Gibson, endeavouring to draw his wife on her knees, and, in the effort, letting go his hold of Eleanor, "down I say."

Mrs. Gibson struggled in vain—her rage increased—she foamed at the mouth, and at last spit in her husband's face.

Gibson, who had hitherto borne with her without losing his temper, now grew angry in his turn—he cursed, he swore, he raved!

The astonished Eleanor, half fainting, unable to move, clung to the posts which had supported the awning; she was incapacitated from quitting the spot.

"Curse me, if I won't have thee tried by a

court-martial, Moll," said Gibson. "I'll have thee hanged for mutiny—here, Mr. Sterling, bring hither the handcuffs, and clap this woman down in the hold."

Mrs. Gibson, really terrified, and worn out with her own exertion and violence, burst into tears, and, dropping on her kness, she begged the gentlemen would interfere, and not suffer one of the gentle sex to be treated like a malefactor.

A loud laugh followed this appeal; Eleanor alone was moved by it; Mrs. Skipton had enjoyed the scene.

"Nothing shall save thee, Moll," cried the enraged husband, "but submission; ask the young lady's pardon, and you shall escape punishment—I've passed my word, and you must obey."

Mrs. Gibson turned to Eleanor.

"I have forgot it all," said Eleanor, faintly.

"Speak after me, Moll," said Gibson, gruffly; "no mouthing, for I won't take it;" and then forcing her to make a most abject apology, he let go her hands.

Passion had so entirely subdued her, that she was unable to rise from the spot where he had left her; and, without cap or hat, for both had fallen off in the scuffle, she continued an hysterical sob, while the exhausted Eleanor, beckoning to Mr. Sterling, with his assistance crawled down stairs.

CHAP. XXXI.

Instead of harmony, 'tis jar,
And tumult, and intestine war.

COWPER.

ELEANOR was met at the cabin door by Lord Frederic, who had received a full account of the fracas from Lady Harriet, and was coming to seek her—"This vulgar woman," cried he, with an air of concern, "has quite terrified you; had I been present, I would have insisted upon Gibson's suffering you to retire; you must now, however, take something, and endeavour to recruit your exhausted spirits."

"My Lord," exclaimed Lady Harriet, "you must bring the innocent sufferer here; I protest that abominable woman has half terrified me out of my senses; where is she now, Miss Redbrook?"

"In the same spot where your Ladyship left her; but she is now really an object of pity; I am almost sure she will have an hysteric fit."

"I can scarcely pity her, if she does," replied Lady Harriet. "I never saw such a fool in my life; her helpmate must have a happy time of it—well, Heaven defend me from the raging fiend, jealousy!—what can equal the scene we have seen this night!"

"Passion of every kind is disgusting," said Lord Frederic, "particularly in the weaker sex, whom we expect to see all gentleness and meekness."

Mrs. Skipton now entered the room.

"Is the storm over?" asked Lady Harriet.

"I verily think the foolish woman will catch her death," answered Mrs. Skipton; "no one can prevail on her to come below; Gibson is too angry to notice her, and there she sits, bareheaded, all covered with a cold sweat, which must be attended with fatal effects, for the heat she has been in, suddenly cooled by the night air, may kill ner."

"Oh, she is ashamed to come down; and, perhaps, she is afraid of Miss Cary," said Captain Cummeline. "I really expected her eyes would have been scratched out; and, had not Gibson taken her into limbo, I think I could not have kept my hands off her much longer."

Lady Harriet complaining of fatigue, Eleanor offered to put Master Cummeline to bed, and the offer being accepted, retired with him to what was called the Captain's cabin.

As she left the room, she heard Lady Harriet say—"That girl will certainly make me a

convert to your Lordship's opinion—so extraordinary a creature I never before beheld; if she had been brought up a public singer, she could not sing in a more masterly style; yet her extreme diffidence controverts the idea."

"She speaks French and Italian fluently," replied Lord Frederic; "and, while at Monte Video, her sole amusement was, learning Spanish—the utmost pains must have been taken with her education."

"Of what use will these accomplishments be to her?" asked Mrs. Skipton, with an air of disdain—"it will only make one of her description vain."

"Vanity as often, nay oftener, attends the want, than the possession of talents," answered Captain Cummeline; "and I must say, that if she is vain, she takes care not to shew it."

"With her negro face, after all, she has little to pride herself upon," retorted Mrs. Skipton.

No one answered this speech, and the conversation dropped.

The following day Mrs. Gibson did not rise to breakfast, and Mrs. Skipton, who had been very intimate with her, found herself under the necessity of enquiring after her health. She was really indisposed, and, in violent terms, complained of the ill usage of her husband—"who, not contented," cried she, "with making me a May-game, and a laughing-stock, to the whole ship's company, has never been the man as asks me how I does to-day, for all he knew the flustration and the taking I was in last night. But, I purtest, if I dies of it, it's all

his own doing; for Iv'e no notion of such conduck."

"But when he knows you are really ill," said Mrs. Skipton, "he will be out of his senses; for he is, after all, a most affectionate husband; and you cannot but confess, my dear friend, that you did provoke him yesterday."

"I purvoke! Oh dear! oh dear! and are you, Mrs. Skipton, turning tail on me? Yes, my husband is good, very good, when he has never comed near me all night, nor once asked me how I does to-day. But I am very ill, my blood seems all on fire, and I shakes and trimbles all over; and I'm mortal sick, yes, sick of a fever; and, thoff I've sent to him twice, by one of the boys, why, he minds it no more than nothing. Only feel, Mrs. Skipton, what a burning hand I have."

Mrs. Skipton took, very unwillingly, the hand of her dear friend, for the word fever entirely discomposed her; and having just touched it, she exclaimed—"For mercy sake! my dear friend, have some advice; I can do you no good, but I'll try to get a doctor to see you," and she retreated as fast as possible, to the extreme end of the cabin in which the sick woman lay; and not satisfied that even there she should be free from contagion, she hastily went upon deck, not to seek assistance for the sick lady, but to enter into a consultation with Lady Harriet, on the means of securing herself from danger, should the disorder of Mrs. Gibson prove catching.

Lady Harriet at first laughed at her fears, but when the ship's surgeon had been to visit the in-

valid, and she found that he confirmed the fears of Mrs. Skipton, by asserting, that the poor woman had a fever, which had every appearance of becoming putrid, she became really alarmed for her husband and child, and anxiously enquired, if she could not have a marquee pitched upon deck?

This, however, was generally negatived; but the surgeon recommended, that Mrs. Gibson should be removed to a situation upon deck, and a small tent, with the consent of the Quarter-master, was prepared for her reception.

Eleanor forgot, in pity for the poor woman's sufferings, the violence which had created them, and, without thinking of self, diligently exerted her little strength in assisting and comforting her. All the wise lessons of her venerable parent had been engrafted in her mind, by the early mortifications and disappointments she had sustained in her commerce with the world; her understanding had daily expanded, her heart had been enlarged, all the faults of her character and temper had been gradually softening, and to overcome evil by good, had become the first wish of her heart.

Mr. Gibson, who really loved his wife, notwithstanding her violent temper, was half frantic, when he discovered her situation; he threw himself on his knees and implored her pardon, and, overcome by his kindness, the poor woman cried like an infant.

Eleanor, who, till this period, was the object of her decided aversion, grew into high favour; she would scarcely suffer her to absent herself from her bedside a moment, would take no

medicine not administered by her, and she was never tired of praising her.

It was with great difficulty the poor woman was removed upon deck, where she lingered many days in a state of hopeless suffering, until at length, nature, entirely worn out, gave way, and she expired, almost without a groan.

Eleanor, in spite of the remonstrances of Lord Frederic, who trembled for her safety, had persisted in attending her to the last moment, and received her last sigh.

Gibson, half distracted, threw himself on the bed, imploring the inanimate corse to speak to him—"Molly! my dear Molly!" cried he, "speak to me—what! not a word to throw at a dog! Oh Molly! my dear, dear Molly, don't die;" and at length he was obliged to be forced from the scene.

But the fatal effects of Mrs. Gibson's passion did not end here; Charles Cummeline had taken the infection; and the wretched Lady Harriet, half distracted, beheld her infant son extended on the bed of sickness, with scarcely a hope left her of his recovery.

If Eleanor had been affected with the situation of the vulgar Mrs. Gibson, brought on by her own violent passions, how were all her feelings called into action, by the scene which now presented itself before her!—youth, beauty, and innocence, the fond object of parental tenderness, the bright opening of a blooming flower, now about to be cropped for ever. Lady Harriet hung over the unfortunate infant in speechless agony; she would not be prevailed on to quit his bedside a moment. It was in vain

Captain Cummeline pointed out to her the danger she herself ran; in vain he urged her to remember the beings who had an equal claim to her recollection, and whose safety was indivisible from her own—she would not be persuaded.

Eleanor, herself a mother, entered into all her feelings, participated her cares, and shared in all her anxieties. Alas! she had yet greater sufferings to encounter; several of the ship's company, many of the officers and soldiers, had also received the infection; and every day presented to the survivors, the mournful spectacle of committing the dead bodies of their associates to the deep.

Her husband, her beloved husband, had hitherto escaped the contagion; night and day did she implore Heaven to protect and preserve him; every precaution which their situation afforded, did she put in practice; she incessantly assisted and advised means for the purification of the vessel, and urgently entreated him to use every care in his own preservation.

Lord Frederic, whose admiration of her character had been increasing daily, whose love had long since outstepped the cold dictates of worldly prudence, could no longer refrain from expressing all the sentiments of his full heart towards her; and Eleanor, overcome by the singularity of circumstances, and the peculiarity of her situation, fondly listened to his professions of attachment—fondly acknowledged her own prepossession in his favour—and faith-

fully promised, that, if she was permitted to reach the Cape in safety, she would no more conceal from him the circumstances of her past life.

CHAP. XXXII.

——————My mind nor rests secure,
Nor pines with jealousy; who loves must fear;
And, sure, who loves like me must greatly fear.

MASON.

ELEANOR, as she made this promise, felt a convulsive shudder extend itself over her whole frame; she looked earnestly in the face of Lord Frederic, to see if he had remarked her emotion, and, on beholding his glance of astonishment, her eyes involuntarily sought the floor—"Estimate my regard for you, my Lord, by the sacrifice I am going to make of my own feelings to your's—a fatal, a dread

explanation, yet remains to be made to you—if your affection can survive that, I am your's for ever."

"If this explanation must be made, Cary," asked Lord Frederic, with a look of ardent curiosity, "why should you delay to make it? this moment—this blessed moment, break through your cruel reserve, and tell me at once your whole history."

"Three words, my Lord, would speak it, but if my life depended upon them, I could not utter them—what I am now, I scarcely know myself—what I once was, I dare not tell you—yet there is not upon earth one other being to whom I could not relate every action of my life, without a blush."

"Then I alone am considered unworthy of your confidence," replied he, with an air of the deepest mortification.

"You," said Eleanor, taking his hand, "you, you alone, I fear; for the effect of my secret must be, to form your future determination concerning me—and can you, then, wonder at my delaying an event, which may perhaps deprive me of you for ever?"

"The very idea," exclaimed he with emotion, "proves that you have something dreadful to disclose. But I tell you what, Cary, I can no longer bear suspense—I will not, I must not endure it; and, once arrived at the Cape, I must insist on an explanation."

Eleanor was silent and melancholy, tears started into her eyes, and Lord Frederic, affected by her emotion, again took her passive hand—"If you know any reason that ought to

separate us—if you are conscious of any secret impediment to your union with me, say so, and end a struggle, which must be destructive to the health and happiness of both."

"Then I solemnly declare," exclaimed Eleanor, "that I know of no impediment—but it is not, my Lord, any thing I know, that will avail me, in the awful moment when I shall stand in my proper person before you: but, however fate may hereafter dispose of me, I entreat you to remember how I have lived, from the moment of my quitting England; and, by what you really know of my conduct, learn to judge favourably of that which has been misrepresented."

"Every sentence you utter yet involves me more deeply in astonishment," cried he.

"You will remember, my Lord," said she, tenderly, "you will remember me with kindness, however you are disposed to judge me, and to that memory I make my last appeal—when you know all my story, then ask your own heart, if it were possible for mine so to have acted, without the most unequivocal affection for you, whether I could ever have swerved from that affection, and whether I could ever have entertained a thought of any human being beyond yourself?"

Lord Frederic scarcely credited his senses; he knew not what to think—Eleanor continued:

"I have been used hardly, my Lord; and, but that I believe my heart was too proud, it must have broken—'God, however, tempers the wind to the shorn lamb."

"But you will remember your promise, Cary?"

"I will, my Lord—at the end of a month after our arrival at the Cape, I will have no disguise."

"But why delay an explanation so long, which must be made?"

"That I may be enabled to make preparations for the future—that I may have an opportunity of tearing myself away, and beholding you no more."

"This strange idea is ever uppermost—you ring changes on it daily."

"That must be uppermost which lives in the heart," said Eleanor, with an air of sadness; "not a moment, then, my Lord, is this idea absent from mine; it poisons your society when present; it blights every recollection of your tenderness, for is it not that which must eventually give to life an inexhaustible charm, or accelerate the dissolution of even life itself?"

"Yet once, Cary, you yourself informed me, that your affections were engaged."

"I tell you so again, my Lord," said Eleanor, with a faint smile; "and I again also repeat, that I never wish to cement our union by any stronger chain than that which now binds us. I may appear ridiculous to you, I know I must, for you cannot understand my allusions—what I am, what I shall be, remains with you; it is in your power to change even my former fate—and you only can wipe out from my character, you only can heal in my heart, a deep, an incurable stab."

"More inexplicable still!" exclaimed Lord Frederic. "If the stab is incurable, how can it rest with me to heal it?"

Eleanor was on the point of betraying herself—"You, my Lord, you only——" she paused, "of all human beings," she was about to have said, "could have planted it there;" her colour seemed to flush, her frame trembled, she leaned on the back of her chair, and wept; then, entreating his Lordship to leave her, she threw her veil over her face, and indulged in all the luxury of tears, without restraint.

Lord Frederic, astonished at all he saw and heard, attempted to renew the conversation, but Eleanor entreated him not to distress her—"My weak harrassed frame is incapable of making any effort; suffer me, then, my Lord, to recover my fortitude, to re-establish my strength, and I will no longer refuse my confidence to you."

Lord Frederic felt himself obliged to acquiese; and thus ended this conversation.

The Supreme Disposer of events was pleased to restore Charles Cummeline to his doating parents; and, after a short time, the fever, by slow degrees, abated; Hygeia spread her protecting wings over the little crew, and the voyage concluded in safety.

Those gentle and benevolent feelings, which involuntarily drew Eleanor forward, to compassionate and sympathize with every child of affliction, which impelled her, as it were, to take an active part in every effort for the preservation of the sick, was not without its re-

ward; the serenest satisfaction played about her heart, and gave a glow to her expressive countenance.

"What a pity," sighed Lord Frederic, mentally, "that Nature should have left this charming creature half perfect!—Oh! why was not she an European, or I a mulatto? or why, rather, cannot I forget those cruel prejudices, which make me shrink from acknowledging this fascinating creature as my wife?"

The friendship which had been formed between Eleanor and Lady Harriet, during the maternal anguish of the latter, abated not with the painful feelings which had cemented it; on the contrary, the joy evinced by Eleanor at the recovery of Charles Cummeline, more than ever knit the heart of the fond mother to that being who had assisted in his restoration; and, with the most lively joy, she assented to the opinion of her husband, when he declared, that they could do no less than ask the young woman to accommodate herself for a time in the same lodgings with them.

Eleanor was all rapture at the proposal, Lord Frederic all gratitude; and, but for the mystery which was yet to be unravelled, every one would have been satisfied. But the idea of the coming explanation hung for ever on the spirits of Eleanor, rendered her silent and dejected in company, and miserable when alone; while Lord Frederic, partaking of her feelings, from the mere mystery which enveloped her situation, seemed to borrow the colour of her countenance, and, by a secret sympathy, share in her sufferings. Delicacy, however, true,

delicacy, ever attendant on real affection, bade him patiently wait for the moment of elucidation, and silently determine not to force an explanation his beloved appeared so anxiously to dread.

How long things would have gone on in this manner, it is impossible to determine, had not a circumstance happened, which I shall reserve for a fresh chapter.

CHAP. XXXIII.

"————————Heav'n is just,
And when the measure of his crimes is full,
Will bare his red right arm, and launch
Its light'ning. Till then, ye elements, rest:
And thou firm earth, ope not thy yawning jaws,
But let this monster stalk his own due time
On thine affrighted surface."

A FONDNESS for philosophical experiments had ever been one of the leading traits in the character of Captain Cummeline, and, having pressed Lord Frederic into the service, they set out one day with several officers, to view a remarkable and interesting phenomenon, at a short distance from the Cape, intending to take a circuitous way home, and get some birds, to enrich the natural curiosities which that gentleman had collected. They were to spend the night, or several nights, as it suited their con-

venience, with a Colonel Mapletort, who had taken his station at the barracks near Simons Bay, which, being at some distance from the Cape, was in general considered as a state of exile, and frequently, by the British officers, called in derision, Botany Bay. Colonel Mapletort, however, being remarkably fond of shooting, had preferred continuing at this post double the allotted period; and had found means of enlivening the perfect solitude around him, by giving a dinner, once a month, to the sporting part of his brother officers, who generally appeared so well satisfied with his reception of them, that he was rarely without company. Highly gratified with the spectacle they had witnessed on Table Mountain, our two friends proceeded to join their brother messmates at the habitation of the Colonel, accompanied by a Mr. Sladden, who had been with them on Table Mountain, and knew perfectly the road to it.

The Colonel received them with his usual politeness, seemed highly gratified at the sight of Captain Cummeline, with whom he had served many years; spoke familiarly to Sladden, who was the surgeon of his own regiment, and then advanced to introduce himself to Lord Frederic; but scarcely had the name of the latter reached his ears, than a cloud overshadowed his countenance, and in a moment all his gaiety seemed to vanish.

Lord Frederic looked at Captain Cummeline, Captain Cummeline was astonished, and in silence the whole party joined the company, already assembled at the dinner-table.

Colonel Mapletort seemed to force himself into spirits, and in a short time recovered his gaiety; while Lord Frederic, who had never before seen him, fell into a profound reverie, reflecting in vain on the extraordinary change which his name seemed to have produced on his entertainer, for it was impossible he could discover the reason of it. All the delicacies which he had been able to procure, were lavished by the Colonel on this entertainment; the rich wines of Constantia were circulated briskly; and before the cloth was removed, every one appeared to have partaken of their influence, for mirth, wit, and repartee, flew from every side of the table; while the light *equivoque*, and the impure jest, seemed to speak, that some of the company had already overstepped the bounds of reason. It was at this moment, unfortunately, that Captain Cummeline, addressing the Colonel, enquired if his uncle, whose name he had taken, was dead?

"Oh yes," replied the Colonel; "and he has left me all his estates, real and personal, without any incumbrance, save the old lady, his wife, who has a jointure on it of two thousand a-year."

"What a terrible clog these antiquated dowagers are," cried a young Ensign, "to a man of spirit! I dare swear, Colonel, you wish the old cat peaceably gathered to her forefathers—I don't know any thing upon earth these old women are good for."

"You speak feelingly, Jack," exclaimed another.

"I'll tell you what, they are good for young men," answered Colonel Mapletort, with an air of seriousness; "they keep boys out of their fortune, till they get wit enough to spend it properly."

"Now you are answered, Jack, I think," cried the Lieutenant, who had first spoken.

The young man looked at the Colonel resentfully, and was silent; Lord Frederic turned to Captain Cummeline, who sat beside him, and in a half whisper, asked him, what name Colonel Mapletort had borne previously to his changing it?

Captain Cummeline, in a careless manner replied, "that of Rosalie."

Lord Frederic started, the colour mounted into his cheek; half suffocated with emotion, he rose and quitted the room.

His departure was unnoticed by any but Captain Cummeline, who, perceiving not any thing extraordinary in it, for he had been looking the other way, while answering his Lordship's question, did not attempt to follow him. A considerable time, however, having elapsed, and finding he did not return, glad also to preserve the little reason he had left, Captain Cummeline expressed an apprehension that his friend was ill, and went immediately to seek him.

In the interval, the bottle was pushed about with increasing velocity, until every one that remained was completely drunk. The young Ensign before mentioned, whose own conscience had embittered the pointed sarcasm of the Colonel, as he began to lose his reason, grew quarrelsome; he carped at every expres-

sion used by the Colonel, twisted his words from their original meaning, and at length grew indecently impertinent. The wine had not lost its effect on Colonel Mapletort; his temper, severely tried, at last gave way, and, no longer able to endure the puppyish insolence of the boy, he gave him a box on the ear.

The young man put his hand to his sword, saying—"I shall expect satisfaction."

The Colonel smiled contemptuously, and both quitted the room.

Captain Cummeline, in the mean time, had searched in vain round the barracks for his friend; he next proceeded to enquire of the men upon duty, if he had been seen by them? and being answered in the affirmative, he directed his pursuit through a little wind in an adjacent hill, whither, he was told, Lord Frederic was gone; he hollo'd several times, but received no answer, and was just about to return, when he accidentally stumbled upon the very person he had been seeking.

Lord Frederic, however, neither heard or saw Captain Cummeline; for, seated on the point of a rock, which overlooked the ocean, he was melancholily ruminating on the information he had just received, scarcely able to credit the evidence of his own senses, and painfully sensible of the distracting images which succeeded each other, upon his tortured imagination—"Have I," cried he, mentally, "have I really been partaking of the hospitality of the destroyer of my honour, my happiness? have I greeted as my friend, the wretch who blasted for ever the innocence of my wife, that beau-

tiful and interesting being, whom I once thought little less than an angel? Oh God! oh God! is it possible? Eleanor, my Eleanor, insensible and cold as thou art now, lost, lost to me for ever, shall not thy fall be avenged? will not thy purified spirit nerve my arm? will not the Almighty sanctify the deed? has not his directing hand led me to this spot?"

Captain Cummeline at this moment approached him; the darkness of the night rendered his face indiscernible, but the wildness of his air, his passionate gestures, could not be mistaken—"My friend, you are ill," said Captain Cummeline, taking him by the arm; "you endanger your life, by thus sitting in the cold damps of the night; return with me to the barracks."

"Return with you! return with you!" replied Lord Frederic, wildly; "to what? to where? to whom? To the man who has robbed me of life's best gift! to the wretch who has despoiled me of my honour, who has rifled the chastity of my wife, that inestimable jewel, which the world's wealth should not have bartered from me! Oh God! oh God! can I, can human nature support this? I tell you what, Cummeline, my soul clung to that woman beyond every earthly good—the sweetest innocence, the fairest beauty, the most animating grace, shone upon her intelligent countenance; all, all these, one cursed villain despoiled; all these, I say, he ravished from me for ever!—in my absence, while I waited, and wished with more than a fond lover's impatience, in my absence, he despoiled me of my all, overwhelm-

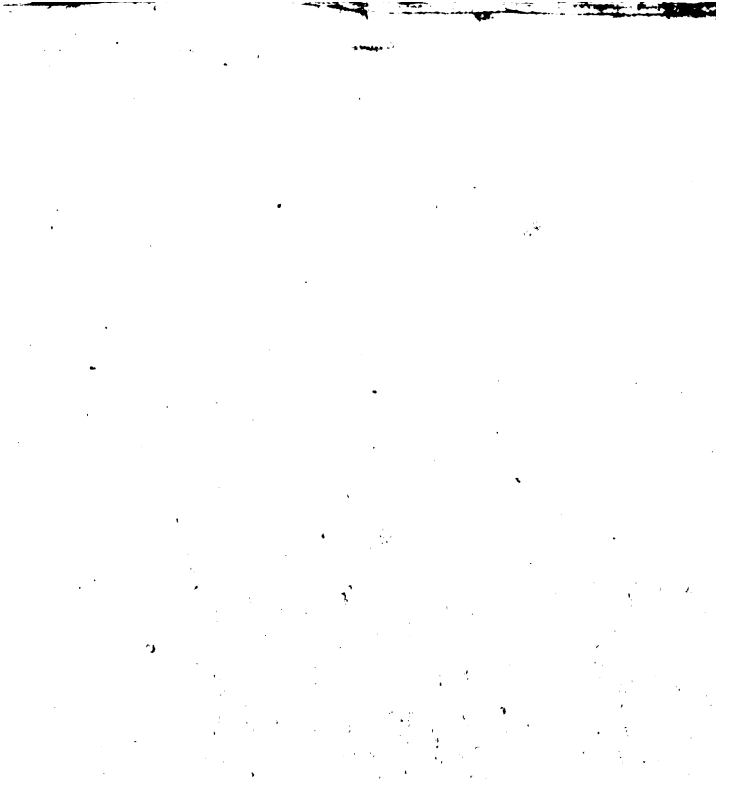
ed the wife of my bosom with the sophistry of his persuasions, and made me a very wretch indeed!—if I forgive him, may the cold grave give up its dead, and be untenanted!—there, there lies the poor victim of his seductions, food for worms!"

"It is impossible I can comprehend the meaning of your words—who, and what are you talking of?"

"Saw you not how the very face of the wretch changed, when you introduced me to him? saw you not guilt, legible guilt, painted in his countenance? did not my name smite his coward heart, his deceitful, damnable, guilty heart, when the husband he had injured stood before him? I knew him not; how should I? I never saw him—in my absence, in my absence, the cruel, cruel injury, was meditated, was executed; now, however, I do know him, and the protector of my fathers forsake me, if he and I survive to-morrow!"

In vain Captain Cummeline entreated him to be composed, and return to the barracks; in vain he argued with him on the impropriety of his vengeance, and endeavoured to point out to him, that it would only widen an injury, already insupportable to his family; he was incapable of hearing reason, and madly bent upon vengeance.

The night, however, wore away while they argued the point, and a beautiful morning broke upon their view. Lord Frederic now enquired of Captain Cummeline if he would be his second, and bear a challenge to his adversary? but this the Captain positively refused—"My



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